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THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

JULY 1863.

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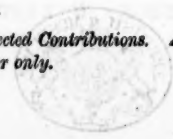
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* * The Eighth Part of "OUR SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND," is unavoidably postponed until a future number.

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THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

THE THISTLE.

JULY, 1863.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB MORRISTON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERIOUS DOINGS OF A CLOUDY NIGHT.

AN odd old-fashioned place was Middleton-in-the-Water. Even by Middletonians themselves it was acknowledged to be quite a hundred years in the rear of every modern, social, and national improvement. No matter how liberally Time scattered his seeds of change and progress as he winged his way over the sleepy borough, scarcely one of them appeared to take root. Whether this might be accounted for by reason of the adamant quality of the pitching stones of the period is a question which some local Debating Society might take up with advantage. The old town was a sort of gigantic puzzle which nobody but the letter carrier could solve. It was one mass of curiously contrived streets and alleys that led to everywhere and nowhere, and seemed to have been planned for the especial purpose of confusing strangers, supplying covering galleries for thieves, and courting corners for lovers. The houses were chiefly red-brick buildings with flaming-red roofs, large bow windows and door-steps. A cloud generally hung over the borough, consequent upon the smoke from several tall chimneys, which, from morning till night, sent forth perpetual clouds of the dunnest vapour. Except when the wind chased it "over the hills and far away," the smoke never left the town. From day to day it gradually mounted up above the roofs and chimney-pots, and then, quietly descending, it was in the habit of dispersing through every

street and corner and billeting itself, for the remainder of the day, in the narrowest thoroughfares.

In some parts of Middleton the houses were built in clusters as though, during a very hard frost, they had crept closer together for mutual warmth and had grown so firmly attached that they had been unable to relinquish each others' agreeable society. In other quarters huge, heavy habitations, reared themselves up in the smoke and looked down, out of their top windows, in the most contemptuous manner, upon tribes of thatched houses below. In the very centre of the town were situated the shambles—a series of narrow thoroughfares where unsuspecting cattle and sheep were driven into little low-roofed shops and knocked on the head, preliminary to receiving fearful gashes in the throat at the hands of murderous looking men and boys, bloody up to their necks. These butcheries were surrounded by most respectable shops and residences, which hid them from view until you fairly entered one of the avenues by which the square block of buildings was pierced. There had been some talk in the Town Council about removing the shambles; but, like most of the reforms projected in Middleton, the matter ended in talk, and the eyesore and moral blot upon the reputation of the town remained.

It has often been noticed by the writer that the sunbeams had the greatest possible difficulty in finding their way about Middleton. They were in the habit of wandering through the old place in the most eccentric manner, flitting to and fro, lingering here, now darting off there, until, wearied, they returned to the realms of light, glimmering by the way on the vane of the church steeple, as if taking parting looks at the town below. Sometimes the sunbeams made a glorious descent on the old borough, determined to peer into every nook and corner, not even avoiding the shambles; but they were always unsuccessful. The old gables, the crooked streets, the secluded alleys, the ancient pillars and porticos, thrust out such a variety of fantastic obstructions, that they always succeeded in making great black shadows wherever the sunbeams might direct their attacks. It was no good whatever for Sol to send his silvery missionaries of light to carry sunshine into every corner of Middleton, for Middleton decidedly objected to anything of the sort. Not so the hilly fields which, at a respectful distance, overlooked the quiet old borough; for there, whenever the sun chose to shine, he was welcomed by the freshest smiles: not so the mountain streams which rambled through the meadows just outside the town; for they always danced the merrier in the sunlight and made such beautiful sunshine of their own that the brooks often appeared to be full of sunbeams which did nothing but chase the fishes and play hide-and-seek amongst the shining pebbles.

In an inn at one end of the principal thoroughfare of the shambles, several Sunday evenings after the one mentioned in the last chapter were assembled, in a private room, Silas Collinson, Mr. Jennings, and another individual, one Ephraim Magar. The latter was a thick-set bull-necked,

round-headed man who was characterized by a broad swaggering manner, a sort of perpetual attempt at the jolly out-spoken slap-you-on-the-back John Bull style of honesty and independence. This third gentleman was the principal butcher in Middleton; his was the largest shop in the shambles, situated in the very centre of the butchery, and "ornamented" on market days with long rows of white and red mutton, the majority of which had been obtained from Silas Collinson, who was getting famous at the time we introduce him, as a buyer of sheep, from whom many of the butchers made their weekly purchases. It was privately known to Jennings and Collinson that Magar had lost largely at a certain gaming table, in a neighbouring town, much frequented. Jennings had lent Magar money, and Collinson had lent Jennings money, and, moreover, Magar was indebted to Silas Collinson in the sum of four hundred pounds for sheep. They had met at the "Two Trees," by appointment, on this Sunday evening, by way of coming to some final arrangement respecting these monetary matters, prior to Silas Collinson leaving Middleton for a trip to America.

"And when dost thou sail?" asked Magar, throwing his head back and emptying the contents of a tumbler.

"In the course of a few days," said Collinson.

"How about Miss Stimson?" inquired Mr. Jennings with a smile.

"Oh, Susan! well, poor lass, she doesn't know exactly what to say."

"I suppose she is wavering between Tom Titsy and yourself. Ye gods, what a rival! Why, Silas, you might marry the richest tradesman's daughter in the town if you liked," said Jennings.

"Go on, Jennings. What do I care for the richest girl in the town? Or what the devil do I care for anybody else for the matter o' that? Riches don't always bring happiness, I guess."

"I've heard thou'rt very sweet on that lass of Morriston's," chimed in Magar, rolling his eyes and speaking in a husky thick voice. "She's a decent sort of a wench I dur say; but she's got nowt to bless hersen with, I suppose."

"Oh, but it's a sentimental affair. How does she take your going to America, Silas?" came from Mr. Jennings, who was stirring his glass of grog and gazing intently into it.

"Now look here, my friends," began Silas Collinson, rising and running his fingers through his light curly hair, "I did not come here to discuss love affairs or matrimonial prospects. I came here, at your invitation, to talk over money matters and come to some understanding about our affairs—although it is Sunday and Mr. Julius Jennings is religious."

"The Lord plucked ears of wheat on a Sunday, friend Silas," said Jennings with a quiet expression of rebuke.

"Oh, burn your texts," exclaimed Silas, "I'd as lief hear the devil quote the Scriptures as thee, Jennings—so there, thou's got that bit o' my mind. I've no faith in *thy* religion, and I've told thee so before."

"But that is only when you are angry; and then it is not yourself that speaks, but the Evil One through you, making you his mouth-piece."

"Then, where's the religion of calling a business meeting—a sort of *bankrupt* meeting—on a Sunday night," said Silas, glancing angrily at Magar, who, with a blow on the table that made all the glasses rattle, rose and demanded of Silas what he meant; Jennings slipping between the two, desired them to be calm, and remember that whatever they had met for, it was Sunday night.

"What the devil does Silas mean by a bankrupt meeting?" asked Magar angrily.

"Now look here, Magar, and you, Jennings," replied Silas mildly, his passion over, "I didn't mean to be offensive: what I said was in the heat o' the moment. I'm sorry for what I said and hope you'll take my apology. But let's be fair and above board with each other, and, Jennings, drop your chaff about Susan. You know me too well, both of you, to be satisfied that I'm not the man to quarrel with old friends, and especially when I shall not see them again for sometime."

"Brayvo, well spoken," exclaimed Magar, offering a flabby hand to Silas and receiving a hearty shake.

"Come then, Silas, here's wishing you all the prosperity you can wish yourself," said Mr. Jennings, raising his glass to his lips; in return for which Silas toasted his two friends, and all was "made pleasant" again by the glasses being refilled, Magar ordering a double quantity for himself.

"And now," said Jennings, "let us settle the little business we have met about."

"I shouldn't have asked thee to come here to-night, Silas," said Magar, getting exceedingly sympathetic and friendly, "only I received a bit of money last night and I want to give it thee to-day, because I've gotten to go to Birmingham to-morrow and I donnat want to be tempted o'er much to risk it."

"Why don't you keep a banking account, Mr. Magar, and pay your money in out of the way?" Silas inquired.

"Oh, I should be worse nor ever, bless thy life, if I did that. I should do nowt but sign cheques, I should never think I was short o' money so long as I'd a cheque-book. In fact some years agoa I did keep a banking account and glad I was to get out on't. Well now, I'll tell thee what I shall do, Collinson; I shall pay you £200 on account and give thee a bill at six months for the balance. There's the notes, and we'll go on to the shop presently and Jennings will draw up a receipt and a bill."

"Silas Collinson received the money with evident astonishment, said it was more than he expected, and thanked Magar very warmly for this proof of his desire to "square up." Jennings said nothing about the money he owed to Silas, but it was only some thirty or forty pounds, and Jennings no doubt intended to mention it and come to some arrangement at the shop.

After the finishing of another round of grog, Jennings left, saying, as it was getting late, he would just run home for the key and would meet them in ten minutes at the shop.

As Jennings groped his way out into the dark night the clock struck eleven. Ten minutes afterwards, to the moment, he was hurrying along past Mrs. Titsy's and on to the shambles. There were no lamps lighted anywhere; for in many towns such as Middleton the Corporation take the almanack as their guide for illumination. When the almanack intimates "moonshine" (which it very frequently does) the lamps are not lighted, and when there is to be no moonlight the lamps are lighted. So that it mostly happens, when the night is very dark, the lamps are not lighted; and when the moonlight is sufficient to show the good burghers their way homewards, the lamps are flaring and glaring to the utmost of their burning power. This Sunday night the almanack-maker had set down a full moon; the lamps were therefore not lit and Middleton-in-the-Water was in total darkness. Mr. Jennings paused when he came to the shambles' entrance, and looked up at the window of the room where he had left his companions. All was darkness there, and the watchman could be heard, at the bottom of the street, announcing in half-loud, half-whispering tones, "past eleven and a cloudy night." It was a cloudy night truly, and especially it seemed so in the shambles, where the shops were all boarded up with black, heavy shutters. From some of the shops you might occasionally here a sheep bleating, or a calf lowing, prior to becoming mutton and veal on the morrow. Through a crack in the shutters of the principal shop there came a streak of light and into this shop went Mr. Julius Jennings.

Shortly afterwards the watchman passed and cast a long column of light before him. "All right?" he inquired; on trying Mr. Magar's door, and "all right" was the reply from within. "A fine sight o' money that man must be making and he's always at it, Sundays into th' bargain," muttered the watchman as he passed. Soon after this the light disappeared, and a listener at the door of Magar's shop might have heard a groan as if from a person in pain. A man passing at a rapid rate listened for a moment as he went by; but knowing it to be the habit of butchers to keep sheep and sometimes oxen in their shops all night, he thought little or nothing of the noise, and hurried home, glad perhaps to get out of a locality so dark and hideous.

By and bye the light appeared again; then the door was carefully unlocked, and out came two men leading another who reeled like a drunkard. Hasty whispers were exchanged by Magar on one side, and Jennings on the other; and Collinson drooped his head and staggered so much that the watchman who had returned, observed as the three passed him, that "the gentleman had got a load on."

Turning a sharp corner the three men stopped before another shop, a sort of small branch-establishment. Magar, producing a key, opened the door and the three entered, or rather Magar and Jennings led Collinson in;

after which the door was locked within and sundry streaks of light came forth from sundry apertures in the shutters. Again, as in the former shop, something fell; but this time a fearful cry burst upon the midnight that even startled the watchman at the end of his beat, and the old man listened attentively for its repetition, came back along the shambles and cast before him the same column of light as that which had previously glimmered along the pavement, and mounted up the front of Magar's shop; but all was quiet except the bleating of a lonely sheep and the echoings of his own footsteps. When the cry was heard the light disappeared in the little shop and Magar almost immediately came to the door and looked out.

Just as daylight was dawning, Julius Jennings was wending his way homewards, and Magar was wheeling a hand cart, covered with a cloth, from his branch shop out of the shambles.

"Good morning, sur," said Tom Titsy, who had risen much earlier than usual for a long ramble with his dog, which was jumping on before, "you're an early riser this mornin', sur."

"Them that thrives mun get up a bit early sometimes, lad," said Magar hurrying on.

"Certainly," said Tom, and the watchman in the distance cried "four o'clock and a cloudy morning."

CHAPTER V.

COMING TO LIFE AGAIN.

AUTUMN had succeeded the Summer that smiled so pleasantly on the river in our first chapter; Winter had swept away the remains of both; and Spring had melted the snow and once more scattered flowers about the meadows.

It was a bright sunny morning when, like the cold dull earth which had languished under fog and mist and snow, Jacob Morriston seemed once more awakening into life. He was lying on his little bed where we left him after his memorable journey to the mill dam. The white curtains were turned into gold by a troop of sunbeams that came streaming in through the window. A tea-cup and saucer standing by the bed looked like amber, and the room was lit up by a light startling and puzzling to our friend Jacob. On the dressing table was a small collection of medicine bottles, and in the fire grate a few cinders were vainly struggling to exhibit their ineffectual fire in the sunlight. On the mantel-shelf stood an apple, the remains of an orange, a wine bottle, a wine glass, a paper indicative of sweetmeats, and a variety of trifles of a like description. Jacob was exceedingly bewildered as he gazed at all these things and tried to remember what had happened, what time it was, when it

was, how it was, who he was, where he was ; and he cudgelled his brains with a variety of strange conceits, until he sank exhausted on the pillow where he had lain for many months—we cannot say weary months, so far as Jacob was concerned, for to him they had passed away unconsciously ; but so far as others were concerned, they were long, weary, tiring months.

Gradually Jacob lifted himself up to take a more careful glance at things, and it was then that he found how weak he was, discovered the meagreness of his wasted little hands, and arrived at the conclusion that he had been very ill and was very ill still. How came he ill ? Had he been rescued from drowning ? Had the miller brought him home on a shutter, as the little boy up the street was brought home after fishing without his father's permission ? These and a hundred other questions Jacob mentally asked himself and all were dismissed with equally unsatisfactory answers. He was in this oblivious state of mind when the door was steadily and cautiously opened. It occurred to Jacob that he would lie down and watch. One, two, three, four, five light, soft, up and down steps and then a hand pulled the bed curtains aside—and one, two three, four, five, soft steps and the window blind was pulled down to shut out the scorching sunshine. Then a voice whispered, "bless it—it's asleep." Jacob could not help smiling at his little bit of roguery in being wide awake all the time. The face which had looked in upon him, the hand which had drawn down the blind, and the voice which had whispered "bless it—it's asleep," went to another part of the room and Jacob peeped forth and saw Mrs. Titsy put her cap to rights at the glass ; he saw Mrs. Titsy encourage the aspiring cinders in the fire grate by a gentle touch of the poker ; he saw Mrs. Titsy return again to the bed, whereupon he determined to surprise that buxom matron by calling her loudly by name. Jacob was startled himself at the result—startled not at the noise he made, but at the noise he did not make—startled at the very small voice which said "Mrs. Titsy—Boh !" To Jacob it was like somebody else's voice, and he began immediately to wonder if he was in the condition of those poor people, mentioned in the Scriptures, afflicted with an unclean spirit which was talking for him.

Mrs. Titsy, however, did not give him time to think long. She was close to him in an instant, and when he said, or when somebody else said, or something in Jacob's inside said, "Mrs. Titsy—Boh !" Mrs. Titsy made no immediate answer, but laughed and kissed Jacob, and then cried and kissed him, in a sort of lunatic fashion that did not at all tend to clear up the mystery in which the boy felt himself involved.

"Wait a bit, my dear," was all Mrs. Titsy said when she did speak—"wait a bit ;" and then she tripped off, not noisily but quickly, and returned with Mr. Morriston.

"Jacob, my dear boy," said Jacob's father, kissing his forehead, "you are better then, at last," and there was something very much like a tear rolling down Mr. Morriston's cheek.

"Am I, father? Yes, I think so," said Jacob supposing he must be better although, in truth, Jacob entertained serious doubts about it.

"And you know me now, and Mrs. Titsy who has been so kind to you?" Mr. Morriston continued, taking his son's wasted hand.

"Yes father, I know you," Jacob replied with a faint squeeze of the hand, still puzzled as a tear trickled slowly down the father's cheek. It was thrilling eloquence that liquid drop wrung from the pent up soul. It had never struck little Jacob that his father could weep until now, and it touched a chord in the boy's heart that had never before been touched by the paternal hand. Jacob could not put forth his arms and cling to his father's neck, as his inclination prompted him; he fell back and sobbed until his weakened frame trembled.

This paroxysm over, Mr. Morriston left his son with many expressions of affection; Mrs. Titsy washed the boy's face and hands, gave him something to eat and drink; and then the doctor came—a rigid, stiff gentleman—who put down his stick, took off his gloves, removed his hat, wiped his face with a large quantity of white linen, coughed and requested the patient to put out his tongue, a command which Jacob lost no time in obeying. After this the doctor timed Jacob's pulse by his watch; then he put his hand on Jacob's forehead and said benignantly, "We are improving, Mrs. Titsy, decidedly improving."

"It's a long lane that has no turnin', sur," said Mrs. Titsy, smoothing her apron.

"We are at the turning now, Mrs. Titsy," said the doctor.

"It seems so," rejoined Jacob's nurse, "quite out of danger now?" Jacob could just hear her whisper.

"And quite out of danger," replied the doctor with a grave air of triumph.

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Titsy with a fervency that seemed to relieve her of a great weight and make her quite lively.

Without noticing this the doctor gave his instructions in a quiet ruminating style—"Arrowroot with a little milk, plain pudding; no objection to fowl or a little beef tea; no vegetables, and quietude; the mixture as before; and we will leave off the powders."

"Yes, sur, certainly, of course, oh yes," said Mrs. Titsy, and the doctor departed. And what do you think, gentle reader, that mild and matronly dame did when Doctor James Smythe had left the room? She made grimaces at the door and beat the air with her fat and well rounded arms. She beat her knees also and laughed, putting her apron into her mouth, and went through other performances of a character quite foreign to her usual manner. Then she went to Jacob and kissed him, told him not to mind her, that he should know all, and begged he would keep quiet. Seeing that he had given no signs of creating any commotion, Jacob regarded this as another singular illustration of Mrs. Titsy's changed character. "Oh, bless you, he's very clever, is Dr. Symthe—he was always noted for it," she said, and she said this very frequently.

During the day Jacob was further enlivened by a visit from Susan, and Tom, and Mr. Julius Jennings, who all expressed their great satisfaction at Jacob's recovery. Mrs. Gompson also looked in, squeezed the boy's hand, and protested against the number of visitors, which was very thoughtful and very proper.

Many days passed like this, with as little change, and Jacob gradually learned how ill he had been. By and bye, Tom was permitted to have long interviews with his little master, and on these occasions, at intervals during the conversation, Tom would release pigeons through the window with variously coloured ribbons tied round their necks.

"Them's volumes, Mester Jacob," he would say, watching the pigeons as they sailed round and round in the air before starting off to their abode in the thatched roof of the Titsy residence.

"I thought they were pigeons, Tom," said Jacob smiling.

"Now you're laughing at me," said Tom. "Never moind, I like it. There was a toime when thou couldna laugh, little un'. Them bits o' ribbon speaks no end of eloquence to Mester Johnson if he's at home, and I think he is."

"Indeed! In what way?" asked Jacob.

"Why they're to him what they call bulletins when grand folks are ill. They tell him just how you're goin' on."

"Does that interest Mr. Johnson so much then?" inquired Jacob.

"Ah, a good deal more nor you think; but you'll know all about it some day."

"All about what?"

"All about him and th' doctor and mother. By gum (Tom always said "by gum"—it was his oath—when he wished to be particularly emphatic), he's a clever un' though."

And that was all Jacob could get out of Tom by way of explanation. When hard pressed Tom would go off at a tangent into elaborate descriptions of Jacob's fit of delirium saying, "by gum, Jacob, but thou'rt a rum un'. By gum, and he's a clever un' and no mistake."

Upon other subjects Tom was more explicit. He told Jacob how Mr. Collinson, who was known to be "after Susan," had left Middleton and gone to America, having first sold his stock and let his house ready furnished to some grand gentleman from London; how he had got very tipsy with Mr. Jennings before he went. The latter information was a secret and given only as a bit of news between Tom and Jacob, as an extraordinary incident in the exemplary life of Mr. Jennings. Moreover, he told Jacob that there might be a wedding between Susan and Mr. Collinson when he came back, if Susan did not go to America herself in the meantime. Jacob was very sorry to hear this, and Tom said he was sorry likewise, but he wished her well wherever she went.

Susan it appears had told Mrs. Titsy that Mr. Collinson had almost taken this trip to America on her account, and that she had, before he went, consented to consider herself engaged to him. He thought he could

do better in America, and if she continued in the same mind, as time went on, they were to be married. Now it was well known that Tom Titsy had a sneaking kindness for Susan, and Mrs. Titsy was entrusted with this secret about Mr. Collinson to communicate it to Tom gradually, which duty was well performed. Tom blushed a good deal and appeared exceedingly uncomfortable when he received the news: but "he never told his love;" he kept it bottled up in his own heart, and henceforth spoke of Susan and Silas Collinson quite as a matter of course; never, however, relaxing in his kind attentions towards Susan, though there was a delicacy and a consideration in his treatment of the girl worthy of a courtier.

At length the doctor who paid so much attention to Jacob's tongue and Jacob's pulse, and gave such strict orders to Mrs. Titsy, said his patient was well enough to be taken out for a little while every day when the sun was shining. Mr. Morriston thereupon, with a great quantity of shawling and blanketing, carried Jacob into the garden.

That glimpse of the garden from his father's arms, on that bright spring morning, was always one of the red letter days in Jacob's life. All the time Mr. Morriston walked up and down between the apple trees Jacob scarcely uttered a syllable, and when he did speak, it was only by way of assent to some kind remark of his father's. But he saw everything, felt everything. It seemed to him as if he was awakening into life with the buds and the flowers. Early peas were showing rows of emerald above the sombre earth, which was putting forth tender shoots of green in all directions. Here and there a crocus bloomed, and a snow-drop bowed its head. The favourite violet was in bud, and the fruit trees were bursting into a pale and delicate verdure. Some lime trees near the orchard looked like giant "trembling grass," and the brown apple trees were tinged as if a skilful painter had touched every small projection on every waving branch. Sparrows twittered in the eaves of the houses over the wall. A lark sung sweetly at heaven's gate, and the water rolling over the mill-wheel (Jacob could not avoid a slight shudder at the sound) sung a deep moaning bass to the melody. The bobbins whirled and rattled, the wheels spun round and chattered in the factory, and the old voices sung the old songs to the cotton-spinning. The sunbeams clasped Jacob in their warm arms, the wind breathed gently upon him, and he was once more a little child in the paradise where he had spent so many happy hours.

Well might that dear old garden be regarded, in after life, as one of the greenest spots in Jacob's memory; that dear old garden with its sunshine and music, its songs of freedom trilled from the throats of birds, and its songs of labour chanted from the great red factory which seemed to look at him with hundreds of eyes, some of them slightly disfigured by batches of cotton, and some more brilliant than the rest with the flashing of bright shining radiating wheels that never ceased to go

round and round and round until long after the birds had ceased to sing and the sun had made its last streaks in the western sky.

Sing on, ye toilers at the loom, whilst the cotton grows into net!
Sing on thou sweet voiced maid and believe the hopeful song thou singest—

“Joyous days are coming.”

Surely heaven has “joyous days” in store for such as thou—days devoid of toil and gloom. Sing on then, hope on: at least there's truth in yon other chaunt which rises above the din—

“There is a happy land
Far, far away.”

CHAPTER VI.

BEING OF A VERY MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTER, MUST TELL ITS OWN STORY.

A LITTLE more information concerning Jacob's father seems desirable in this place. Without tracing his ancestry back to the eminent fountain-head whence it was said to have sprung, I may premise that the Morrissions were of a good old stock; indeed, so far as that branch of the family to which Mr. Augustus belonged, were concerned, if they had had as much good money in their pockets as they had good blood in their veins, they would have been an exceedingly wealthy instead of a comparatively poor family. Augustus himself had been a particularly unfortunate member of the Morrison family, having had a hard struggle at bread-winning from boyhood upwards. One of his earliest adventures of any note had been the running away from home, in company with a younger brother, on account of the cruelty of a father-in-law. In their wanderings the brother was drowned in the Isis, at Oxford, and Jacob was christened after the lost one. His latest adventure of any great importance, in a worldly sense, was that which had led to his commencing business on his own account in Middleton. My readers shall hear him narrate this little incident himself to a select few in the fine old oak-panelled parlour of the “Durham Ox,” where some of the leading tradesmen and others of the town have from time immemorial assembled, once a week, to discuss the events of the day and smoke their respective pipes, which are carefully marked, and placed on a rack over the mantel-shelf.

“It was shortly after publishing, you see, about eleven o'clock, Mr. Northcotes, the magistrate—”

“Squire Northcotes, Squire Northcotes,” suggested Mr. Magar, the chief butcher of Middleton, who was at that time a candidate for the Town Council.

“Well, anything you like. I call him Mr. Northcotes.”

“Squire Northcotes,” urged Magar emphatically.

“Well, well, Mr. Magar, you shall call him Squire Northcotes, or

whatever you please—Lord Northcotes if you choose, King Northcotes ; but if I am to tell you the circumstance I must tell it my own way.”

“Certainly, certainly,” said the four other persons who formed the company, one being the chief corn dealer, another “a merchant manufacturer” (according to his trade card), another the deputy sheriff, and another the local chief of police.

The butcher gave in with a growl, and Mr. Morriston proceeded with his narrative.

“I met Mr. Northcotes near the shambles. He ran upon me, and, as though I had acted rudely towards him, he called me a fellow and asked how I dared to walk on the pavement when I saw he was coming. ‘Dare!’ I said, ‘is the pavement yours, Mr. Northcotes?’ ‘It is when I meet a fellow like you,’ he replied. ‘Indeed,’ I said. ‘Yes indeed—out of the way,’ he said, and rudely thrust me aside. ‘Mr. Northcotes,’ I said, ‘Mr. Northcotes, a word;’ but he took no notice: so I followed him, and taking him by the collar, told him that he or I must walk into the road at once, or that he must apologise for the insult offered to me; for my blood was up. Before I had time to say another word he struck me with his whip. But a few minutes sufficed to settle the question, and I lashed him with his own weapon until he fairly roared for mercy and collected a crowd, in which there was not a watchman or probably I should have been locked up. The next morning Mr. Northcotes called at the office and demanded an apology. He said he would not summons me because he must acknowledge that he had struck me first. But as a magistrate he must have an apology. I refused, and had an immediate notice to quit my employment; and I left accordingly. And that is why I ceased to work for other people and began in earnest to work for myself.”

“The way you found out the road to fortune, eh? and are now on the high road to wealth,” suggested the “merchant manufacturer”—“thrust off the common pavement of life to find the highway to greatness. By the bye, have you heard of the sale of Collinson’s effects?”

“Yes, he likes Yankee land better than this,” said Magar, “and no wonder, a lad of his mettle.”

“And is it true that he still intends to marry your girl?” inquired the officer of police, turning to Mr. Morriston.

“I believe so,” was the reply, “she is to have a portion of the proceeds of the sale by auction to purchase her outfit, ready for the time when he intends to fetch her.”

Magar said that was Collinson’s instructions; and then the subject dropped, other questions of local interest being discussed and other people coming upon the scene (including His Worship the Mayor, who also had his pipe at the “Durham Ox”) in whom the reader has no interest.

On the day following the brief conversation just described, as Dr. Smythe was leaving Mr. Morriston’s house after a professional visit, Mrs.

Titsy demanded an interview with him in a private room in the presence of "the Master" and Mrs. Gompson. When they were all seated Mrs. Titsy, somewhat agitated and confused, opened the conversation by saying she supposed the Doctor considered Master Jacob out of danger.

"Certainly I do, Mrs. Titsy—quite out of danger and more so," replied the Doctor, a little puzzled.

"And we need not fear a relapse," continued Tom's courageous mother.

"No, we are even as well as that," said the Doctor, looking to Mr. Morriston and Mrs. Gompson, as if for some explanation of this cross-examination.

"I am not aware why Mrs. Titsy has called us here to listen to these questions," said Mr. Morriston.

"You shall know, sir," replied Mrs. Titsy, getting red in the face and turning upon the Doctor with the words, "I demand to know, sir, if this is your last visit?"

"My good woman, I am utterly at a loss to understand this conduct; but since you are so anxious to know—this is my last visit," said Dr. Smythe, preparing to leave the room.

"Stop a bit, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Titsy. "Stop a bit, there's more to come. Your last visit indeed! I should think it was. I ask your pardon, Mr. Morriston, and yours, Mrs. Gompson; but don't let the doctor go until I have shown him a sight which he'll not forget in a hurry."

Then in the most excited state she rushed out of the room and returned, carrying a very large double cigar box full of unopened medicine bottles, boxes of pills, and packets of powders. Unfortunately, however, just as she was about to place the box down upon the table before Dr. Smythe, an accident of an unforeseen character occurred—the bottom of the box gave way and out crashed the multifarious contents, splashing the doctor all over, spoiling the carpet, and sending forth an effluvium worthy of a whole town full of dispensing establishments.

"There's his draughts and pills and powders, there they go," shouted Mrs. Titsy, kicking the box with such violence that the lid struck poor Dr. Smythe in the stomach and rebounded into Aunt Keziah's face.

"Really, really, Mrs. Titsy this will not do," said Mr. Morriston.

"It cannot be tolerated," screamed Mrs. Gompson.

"It is infamous," said Dr. Smythe, wiping himself with his pocket handkerchief.

"Not a drop of stuff, not a pill, not a powder," said Mrs. Titsy, disregarding everything but her fell purpose of exposing Dr. Smythe—"Not a drop on it. and yet he's been going on and sending enough to poison a whole township. When the boy was dying, when we put a looking-glass afore his face to see if he was dead outright, I consulted with Mr. Johnson; 'Mister Horatio Johnson,' says I, 'if you think there is any chance I'll give him some of your medicine;' says he, 'Mrs. Titsy, the doctor tells you nothing can save him, and if he dies nobody will be the wiser for what

we have done'—('infamous,' from Dr. Smythe—an exclamation of surprise, from Aunt Keziah)—says he, 'Science has had its turn, let Nature have a turn too; there's nothing in my pills that'll harm him, and he's had medicine enough.' I told poor Susan of it, and I prayed to God and gave the dying lad the medicine. You all know how the boy has thrived since that fearful day. Never since has he tasted Dr. Smythe's poisons. I've no more to say, judge me as you like—my duty's done;" and the weight being off her mind, Mrs. Titsy fainted.

"Infamous! Infamous!" was all that Dr. Smythe said as he indignantly left the house.

Mr. Morriston had nothing to say and he said it; whilst Mrs. Gompson maliciously, it was thought, emptied a jug of water over Mrs. Titsy, and in doing so dropped, the jug upon Mrs. Titsy's head, which immediately aroused that worthy personage to a sense of her position.

When Dr. Smythe reached home he found a message, requiring his immediate presence at the residence of one of the Members of Parliament for the borough of Middleton. The hon. gentleman, whilst hunting, had been thrown from his horse and carried home dead. Nevertheless, the doctor was sent for—hope is so hard to be convinced.

The news spread rapidly, and the result was much gossip about the nature of the deceased gentleman's will and two election addresses, one from Squire Northcotes, and the other from Mr. James Bonsall, a country gentleman, who resided some distance beyond the hilly fields of which I have previously spoken. In both these election addresses there was a good deal about old England, the constitutional rights of the people, the grandeur of our national institutions, and the necessity of solid progress and advancement. What there was wanting in unity of opinion as to how this solid advancement was to be brought about, was made up in the manner in which both candidates agreed in the opinions they entertained with regard to the high and independent character of the free and enlightened electors of Middleton.

Squire Northcotes, the red candidate, had the support of the red newspaper, *The Middleton Guardian and County Express*, which (in an article following a memoir of the late M.P.) described him as a gentleman who would watch over the best interests of the electors in and out of Parliament; a gentleman who, whilst rendering his support to our great and glorious institutions would gladly aid in amending them and strengthening their stability; a gentleman who would ever be found recording his vote in the true interests of the nation, rendering true allegiance to the throne and upholding that civil and religious liberty for which our forefathers had bled in many a field of carnage. Mr. Northcotes had many claims upon the electors. He was "native and to the manner born," had been educated and brought up in the locality, and had ever taken a warm interest in the ancient borough of Middleton. Blessed with a fortune beyond the wealth of many a rich country gentleman, Mr. Northcotes

had travelled much ; he had visited foreign countries ; he had sojourned under the sunny skies of Italy, and had climbed the Scottish mountains ; he had visited the pine forests of America, and had slept at the foot of Snowdon in Wales ; but nowhere had he found a spot more delightful to him than their own little town, which it was his highest ambition to represent in the great legislative assembly of England, and the welfare of which it would always be the dearest wish of his heart to promote in every way possible. The time had come for the manly, outspoken, and honest electors of Middleton to exercise the glorious prerogative of electing a gentleman to represent them in Parliament, and fortunately for them, and for the country, a worthy, enlightened, sagacious, wealthy, and able man, belonging to themselves, raised amongst them, born in their borough, was prepared to undertake the onerous and honourable duties of their member,—a man who would do credit to the State, and whose representation would exalt Middleton-in-the-Water to a pitch of greatness the height of which it was dazzling to imagine. The editor, at the same time, stated that another address, in addition to that from Mr. Northcotes, had been issued, and he advised the yellows who, he understood, were supporting this gentleman, to be cautious how they were proceeding. Happily there were laws which must be respected, and the press, it was hoped, would not be without its influence, on this occasion, in the loyal borough of Middleton.

So hoped and believed Mr. Morriston, if we may judge by the number of squibs and proclamations which issued from his three hand-presses day and night, and excited Middleton to an extent hitherto unknown in that highly respectable borough. Mr. Bonsall had an energetic lieutenant in Jacob's father, who had vowed that Mr. Bonsall should beat his opponent, Squire Northcotes. It is not necessary that I should dwell upon the various reasons which prompted Mr. Morriston to this course. He had forgiven the Squire, long since, for the insult he had suffered at his hands, and indeed had regarded him as instrumental, under Providence, for his advancement in life ; but somehow or other the remembrance of that meeting near the shambles gave a little additional zest to Mr. Morriston's admiration for Mr. Bonsall, and his desire to see the yellows triumph over the reds.

The dead man, screwed down in his grand coffin and deposited in the family vault, was not the subject of a passing thought all this time. And yet there had been immense excitement when he was returned to Parliament ; bells had rung, bands had played, flags had flared against the sky ; and Middleton had drunk itself blind and shouted itself hoarse in his honour.

(To be continued.)

THE ROSE, SHAMROCK, AND THISTLE.

BY OWEN HOWELL.

ENGLAND'S glory is the story
 Of the Celt and Saxon too,
 Saxon, Norman, boast no more, man,
 Give the Celtic race its due ;
 The rose, the shamrock, leek, and thistle,
 Saxon, this we boldly say,
 Pat, Taff, Sawny, equal Johnny,
 And united made their way.
 The rose, the shamrock, leek, and thistle,
 A blessing be on them for ever,
 On Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England,
 A blessing on them altogether.

Master Johnny has the money,
 Pat has wit, and Taff is true,
 Pat, Taff, Sawny, equal Johnny,
 Give their ancient race its due.
 The rose, the shamrock, leek, and thistle,
 Saxon, this we boldly say,
 England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland,
 Have united made their way.
 The rose, the shamrock, leek, and thistle,
 A blessing be on them for ever,
 On Scotch and English, Welsh and Irish,
 A blessing on them altogether.

Master Johnny, think how Sawny
 Beats you out and out for brains,
 There the Scotsman takes a notch, man,
 There the prize St. Andrew gains :
 Saints David, Andrew, George, and Patrick,
 Those holy saints together say—
 Saxon—Celtic—Celtic—Saxon,
 Should unite in every way.
 The rose, the shamrock, leek, and thistle,
 A blessing be on them for ever,
 God bless Britannia, Scotia, Cambria,
 And Hibernia altogether.

SUPERSTITIONS.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

THERE are many popular superstitions, so called, which perhaps strictly speaking do not deserve the name, as not being—like image-worship—connected with any misdirected *religious* feeling, but merely fanciful and groundless notions leading to absurd practice; such as the supposed unluckiness of spilling salt or sitting down thirteen to table; which no one would reckon a sin against any supposed superhuman Being.

Some of these superstitions, however, may perhaps have had their first origin in some religious error which has since been forgotten. But of most of them it is difficult or impossible to trace the origin.

Salt was certainly accounted by the ancients as having something of a sacred character, probably on account of its antiseptic quality. And the unluckiness of thirteen at table has been thought by some to have originated in the narrative of the Last Supper, in which Judas formed a thirteenth.

The sacred character attributed in England to the redbreast and the swallow (which it is thought unlucky to destroy), and on the Continent to the stork, which usually builds on the house-tops, may be attributed to their placing themselves, as it were, under man's protection. In Ireland, on the contrary, the swallow is called the Devil's bird by the vulgar; who hold that there is a certain hair on every one's head, which, if a swallow can pick off, the man is doomed to eternal perdition. This superstition is hardly to be accounted for; and so is that which exists in many countries relative to the magpie, a mischievous bird very destructive to eggs and young poultry. Yet in many parts of the Continent no one dares to kill one. An English traveller in Sweden saw a whole flock of magpies devouring the pigs' food, and having a gun with him offered to shoot some; which he did, and the farmer thanked him heartily for his service, with an earnest hope that no evil might befall him in consequence. In England the rustics account the sight of *one* magpie unlucky, but of two or more a good omen; according to the well-known rhyme, one for sorrow, two for mirth, three a wedding, four a birth. But some of them hold that the evil omen of seeing a single magpie may be averted by making nine bows to it.

In England the wren is considered almost as sacred a bird as the redbreast. In Ireland, on the contrary, they are hunted down and killed on St. Stephen's day by boys, who afterwards carry round the dead birds and solicit contributions.

The superstitious dread of the raven's croak arose probably merely from its being a bird that feeds on dead carcases, and which was therefore supposed to be calling for its prey. The owl, again, is supposed to be ominous, when flying against the windows of a sick chamber ; attracted doubtless by the light, as moths are.

In many parts of England the vulgar account it very unlucky to transplant parsley. A gentleman's gardener in Yorkshire being desired to do so, insisted on *sowing* a bed instead ; assuring his master that nothing would thrive with him if he planted it.

With many of the vulgar it is considered unlucky to see the new moon for the first time through glass. A knife or other cutting instrument, must never be given, which would be an omen, they think, of the severance of friendship ; some money, no matter how small a sum must always be paid for it. A hive of bees again, must never be *bought*, or they will come to no good ; but if given or stolen, they will thrive very well.

There are several other very curious superstitions relating to bees. It is a popular belief that an angry dispute carried on near the bee-hive will cause the bees to perish, or to go away. And the like, it is thought, will happen if any remarkable event occurring in the family, such as a marriage, birth, or death, is not formally announced to them. A peasant will gravely go to the bee-hive and say, my father or my wife is dead, and will thereupon put them in mourning by putting a piece of black crape on each hive. Again, many even of educated persons, cannot bear to leave an egg-shell with one end unbroken, lest a witch should make use of it as a boat.

In Spain, if any one should go into a baker's shop and ask him for a bit of the leaven with which he is about to raise his bread, he would kick him out with indignation. They have a full belief that any malicious person getting hold of a small piece of the leaven, can, by performing certain magical ceremonies, infect the remainder, and spoil the whole batch of bread. If some leaven is wanted for a poultice, which is sometimes prescribed (as yeast is with us), the family send to the baker they deal with, and humbly beg him for a piece of leaven ; assuring him that no improper use shall be made of it.

In some parts of England it is believed that if, in a house infested with rats, one is caught alive and released with a note tied round his neck, directed to some neighbour's house, he will repair thither and be followed by all the rest.

It is counted unlucky to pass by a piece of old iron which one meets with ; it should be picked up and carried home. And if it be a horse-shoe, this is great luck ; a horse-shoe also is often nailed to the threshold of a door, or to a ship's mast to keep away witches. To fling an old shoe after a person who is going out on any business is supposed to bring them good luck. And it is also lucky to put on one of your stockings the wrong side outwards, provided it be done undesignedly, and that you let it remain so.

There are two kinds of insects frequenting old wood work, each called a "Death watch," from making a peculiar kind of ticking noise supposed to forbode a death in the family.

Superstitious remedies for various ailments are numerous. Our ancestors thought to staunch blood, or heal a wound, by applying a salve or sympathetic powder to the weapon which had inflicted the wound, or to a handkerchief stained with the blood; a practice which Sir Walter Scott alludes to in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Gilbert White records that certain diseases of cattle were supposed to be caused by a shrew mouse running over the part affected. The only remedy was to stroke the part with the twig of a shrew ash; the tree was to be endued with this marvellous property by having a hole bored in it and a live shrew put in, with certain mysterious ceremonies, and securely plugged in.

A man riding on a piebald horse is supposed to have the power of curing the whooping cough, if whatever he prescribes is done to the patient. It is not supposed that he has any superior medical knowledge, or that what he prescribes would have any virtue except from its coming from a man sitting on a piebald horse. Accordingly a man who used, when asked, to reply in derision, "Tie a rope round the child's neck," was strictly obeyed and the rope tied accordingly.

A like superstition prevails respecting a seventh son without any daughters intervening; and still more a seventh son of a seventh son. Such an one is supposed to have the power of healing all diseases, not as possessing any superior medical skill, but by a certain magical efficacy. And one when an infant has been made to stroke with its little hands the face of a sick man, as producing an infallible cure. The touch of a hanged man's hand is very generally esteemed a cure for a wen. It is probable that this, and also the royal touch for scrofula, have sometimes really had an effect; because a very strong feeling of awe or of horror is known to act sometimes on the absorbents. As a preservative against cramp, what is called the cramp-bone of a leg of mutton (that is, the petella or knee cap) worn about the person, has long been in repute. Another preservative which an old woman has been known to prescribe, is to lay your shoes upside down at the bed-room door. There is a curious remedy in high repute for a rupture in an infant; an opening is made, by means of wedges, through the middle of the stem of a young tree; and the infant is passed a certain number of times, to and fro, through the opening; the tree is then carefully bandaged, and if its wound heals the child will recover. There are or were, in the garden of the Rectory of Halesworth in Suffolk, several trees which had undergone this operation. In some of them the cleft had healed up, in others not. Sometimes, instead of cleaving a tree, they passed the child under a bramble that grows into the ground at both ends. Passing a child under the belly of a donkey nine times is also practised as a remedy for whooping cough.

It is believed that a child that is born with its head enveloped in the membrane which is known as the *caul*, is exempt from all danger of being drowned. This, as some one wittily observed, seems to proceed on the idea that a person who comes into the world with a cap over his face, is destined to go out of the world in the same manner; that is, to be hanged; since, according to the well known proverb, he that is born to be hanged will never be drowned. But this mysterious membrane is believed to protect from drowning not only one who is born with it, but any one who carries it about his person. And accordingly one may occasionally see advertisements in the papers of a child's caul to be sold.

Other instances might be found of superstitions of the class we have been speaking of, namely those in which there is no religious element. Of the other class, namely those which have this element, there are great numbers in various parts of the world; as, for instance the veneration paid and the offerings made to fairies; these being in fact the very gods that were worshipped by our heathen ancestors.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

A TRUE STORY.

BY GEORGE JEWEL.

THE game of forfeits was over, and the several owners of the confiscated articles were undergoing the penalties imposed upon them by a bright-eyed maiden of the mature age of ten or thereabouts. Ludicrous, if one might judge from the repeated bursts of laughter, interspersed now and then by a faint remonstrance from some of the damsels of eighteen, must have been the conditions of redemption; but ludicrous or not, we had almost forgotten the existence of the merry party, and although at an early period of the entertainment compelled to join the circle, and to contribute our quota to the forfeits, were in common with the other seniors clustered round the fire, and deep, very deep in speculation concerning Lancashire and America. Alas, alas, what means that small voice that I hear.

"Mr. Jewel, Mr. Jewel, you *must* come, we want you here." "What do you think *you* have to do?"

Two small imps have already fastened upon our coat tails, and we are dragged off in triumph to the tribunal. Twenty pair of round, bright eyes are fixed upon our unhappy selves, and as many treble voices clamorously urge Miss Ada, the veiled prophetess, to "tell him again." Silence! "What shall the owner of this pretty thing do?"

"The owner of that pretty thing," ruthlessly lisps out Miss Ada, "shall tell us a true ghost story, one which happened to himself."

"My dear children," I exclaim, utterly in despair, "how can I? you know there are no such things as ghosts, and that neither I nor any one else can have ever seen them." Vain appeal, and made to most unwilling ears! One small tyrant is already settled upon my knee, two are disputing the possession of the other, and Miss Ada has already asserted her rightful claim to sit well into my pocket, "because," as she sagely observes, "I set Mr. Jewel such a good forfeit."

"Well, well, if it must be, it must. You know you need not believe all I tell you, unless you like."

Thirty years ago we came to our moorings in Cork harbour after a most prosperous trip to Guernsey in the good yacht, Charlotte, and we had been there, Miss Ada, to lay in a stock (among other articles) of what you have just taken out of my coat pocket (Miss Ada restores a tobacco pouch). Yes, we had been to lay in a sea stock of tobacco, and champagne, and French brandy, for it was our intention to run round the coast up to Bantry bay, stopping on our way there for salmon fishing in the Kenmare

river. Ireland, thirty years ago, was a very different country to what it is now ; there were no railways, and, except the stage coaches, no accommodations for travellers, save long, open cars, established by an Italian of the name of Bianconi. Pleasant vehicles enough they were in fine weather, and equally miserable in wet, of which last, be it known, Ireland has a goodly share. One advantage, however, of this state of the country was, that in travelling you were free from the swarms of summer and autumnal cockney tourists which now pervade almost every quarter of the globe, seemingly for no other purpose than to bring ridicule upon themselves, and discredit upon the name of Englishman, by their foolish and purse-proud airs. So, when we anchored at the mouth of the Kenmare, we had the country pretty much to ourselves, and as I had neither taste nor talent for salmon fishing, but a great love for exploring and rambling about, I used to leave my companions to their sport, and make solitary excursions in the neighbourhood. Was there a marriage, a burying, a Pattern fair, or wake in the vicinity, so surely would I be there, and many curious manners and customs of the aboriginal Paddy it was my fortune to behold. I think the funerals (Hibernice, "buryings") of the peasantry, and Patterns, struck me as most extraordinary, although there was generally but one and the same termination, viz, a general fight and scrimmage, to all of the gatherings I before mentioned. The first intimation that I ever had of a burying in those parts was the sound of the death-cry—Keening, they call it—a wild melancholy wail, which as you come nearer you find to be a kind of recitative duet between two old crones, professional and hired for the purpose, seated at the head and feet of the corpse. These old ladies, rocking themselves to and fro and clapping their skinny hands in cadence to their chant, enumerate the good qualities, etc., of the deceased, interspersed with frequent demands of "Why did ye die?" and the bystanders at intervals take up the query and the chant in chorus. I believe the custom is now fast falling into disuse, but at the time when I passed through Cork and Kerry it was, in the wilder districts, of common occurrence ; and curiously enough, as a stranger Saxon, you could hardly gratify a peasant more than by entering his cabin at such a time with a "God save all here"—taking, or pretending to take, a pinch of snuff from the platter placed upon the breast of the uncovered corpse, and laying down in lieu of it, a small piece of money. If, in addition, you followed the body when carried out as far as to the first meeting of four roads, your popularity would be probably more complete than convenient or agreeable to yourself. As for the Patterns, their invariable finish was a faction fight. Let good humour and hilarity be ever so rife at morning tide, before evening, if no other cause could be found, some individual with more whisky than discretion in his head would be certain to perambulate the fair, dragging his "cota more" or frieze great coat, an invariable article of full dress, after him on the ground, and loudly vociferating his conviction that, "no dirty omadhaun of the lot of ye dare trid upon my coat." A species of challenge

no sooner given than accepted, an awful row ensuing ; every individual, whether personally interested or not, embracing with grateful promptitude the opportunity, and the ladies when not themselves wielding the original toy of a stocking with a large stone in the foot of it, bringing apronfuls of stones and brickbats, as a delicate attention towards their admirers. It was during one of these Celtic ebullitions, that finding the performers becoming rapidly more universal and less discriminating in the distribution of their favours, that I wandered away from the field of action, and attracted by the wild loveliness of the scenery, took no heed of time until the fast waning twilight warned me to return ; then, for the first time, I was aware that I had lost my way : from the highest point that I could reach, the sea was nowhere visible, and a violent storm of thunder and rain coming over, completed my discomfiture. On I plodded at a venture until at last to my great joy the light as of an habitation glimmered in the distance. Gladly enough I made my way towards it, and found that it did indeed proceed from what, in the fast deepening darkness, appeared a bettermost sort of dwelling house, standing close to, and apparently having, at some period or another, formed part of a ruined priory or monastery. Those who know Ireland, will know at once that it needed but to tell my story to be at once received with warm Irish hospitality, and in addition I was pleased to find that the owner of our yacht was well known to my host, an apparently wealthy Squireen, a title best known in England by the time-honoured appellation of yeoman. The household was in the very heat and *aime* of preparation for an approaching event, which will happen even in the best regulated families—the marriage of one of a bevy of very pretty daughters. Not on this account, however, was my welcome diminished. “Let you have a guide to take you back to ‘The Charlotte!’ Not to-night, not to-morrow, not the next day! You must stop and see how we do these things in Ireland, and as long afterwards as you please.” This, however, circumstances utterly forbade, and at last with some difficulty I prevailed upon my new friends to agree that I should upon the morrow return. A bare legged, shock headed gossoon was routed out of some mysterious lair about the premises, and undertook the journey of some five or six Irish miles for the purpose of informing my companions of my safety, with far more *sang froid* than many an English lad would have exhibited at a night tramp of two over such a country ; and after passing a very pleasant evening, I was glad enough at an early hour to ask permission to retire. As my host accompanied me to my bed-room, I became more fully aware of the extent and rambling character of the house ; we passed through the more modern portions, over what had been once one wing of the cloisters, and lastly into a large room with a groined stone roof, evidently part of the same ecclesiastical building, and there he left me, remarking with a laugh as he went out, that “he hoped I was not afraid of ghosts.” I think the first thing one feels inclined to do when domiciled in a strange room is to take a survey of its contents ; at all events, I did then, and always do, and I confess I could

not help feeling that if ever spirits *did* walk abroad upon the earth, this was a fitting place for them to revisit. Every springer of the stone roof was carved into a fantastic head, some with a grotesque, some with an agonized, some with a mocking expression; the tall chimney piece was supported by two monsters, half human and half brute, whilst far above it, and inserted into the wall, leaned forward a stone figure of the Spirit of Evil, with protruded tongue, and ghastly Mephistophiles like countenance. This figure had caught my eye on my first entrance, and my host had told me that it had been found in the ruined burial ground, whose scattered and broken tombs I could see from the mullioned window lying in every variety of disorder in the bright moonlight, and placed in its present position by the questionable taste of some former owner of the house. Do what I would, I could neither keep my eyes, nor my thoughts from continually reverting to this object, and when at last tired Nature asserted herself and brought sleep, that face continually rose up before me in my dreams. As I before mentioned, I had retired early; I was awakened by the deep boom of a turret clock, striking upon a heavy bell. One—two—three: I counted up to the twelfth stroke. It *was* twelve o'clock, the witching hour! Every one who has been suddenly roused from deep sleep by an unaccustomed noise knows the bewildered feeling which one then experiences. I sat up in bed. Where was I? What had happened? Then I remembered all, and turned round to sleep. In a moment I started up again—I *felt*, rather than heard, that there was something in the room. I was not long in suspense or doubt, for then I heard it plain. Pod, pod—as of a heavy step: wheeze, puff—as if from some jovial Abbot whose spiritualized condition had not freed him from his earthly obesity. I confess I felt my flesh creep and a cold shiver ran through me. Then I thought it all fancy, or the nightmare, and lay down again. No, there it was again—puff, wheeze—and hark! my now painfully sharpened hearing catches the sound of a muttered “Ave.” Pod, pod—wheeze, puff: it was approaching. I heard it at the very side of the bed. A moment more: the curtain is with one pull drawn violently back. A short broad figure in white appears, snatches down the bed clothes with a vigorous twitch, and prepares to jump in. Out on the other side I bounced, and at the same moment the creature, with an eldritch yell, vanished through the door. How I passed the remainder of the night you may easily guess; but when I came down to breakfast the next morning, despite of my haggard looks, some excellent joke seemed rife among the party. Nothing is more tantalizing, I may almost say annoying, than something funny going on, from a participation in which you only are excluded. I felt almost angry at the arch looks and suppressed laughter of the girls, more angry, I suppose, as the idea dawned that I had been victimized with a practical joke, when suddenly the good mother broke in with: “Ah then, children, can’t ye be aisy—sure Judy’s very sorry, she was sleeping round with Norry to air the beds, and she mistook the room.”

Miss Ada, and ladies! it was—THE COOK.

ROUNABOUT LETTERS

ON

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—No. 6.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

DEAR MADAM,—I am perpetually doing something I fancy is exceedingly clever which turns out in the long run to be uncommonly stupid. Even if nine out of every ten people pat me on the back for it, the tenth may shake his head, and the tenth may be right. And the tenth sometimes *is* right, even in opposition to the decision of that undefined monster yecept Public Opinion. Is this an experience absolutely singular in the history of individuals or of towns? Surely it cannot be but that it is all but universal, and that a delicate hint of misapprehension in a matter of taste may be suggested without giving very serious offence. Now there is my kind friend, Mr. R. H. Hobbes, who collected no end of money to pull down Middle Row. Everybody patted him on the back for his taste and public spirit. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred will even now accept the deed as one which effected a wonderful improvement. Now I, the hundreth, am honestly of opinion that if Mr. Hobbes were not one of the most respected and agreeable men in Stratford, he ought, in penance, to be made to stand in front of the market-house, looking towards the waste he has created, and have his ears well lugged for his pains! And lucky it would be for him if an indifferent spectator, not myself, had the privilege of the lugging. A pretty sort of improvement, indeed! Previously to this wretched piece of work, here we had one of the quaintest and most characteristic bits of the ancient town, and Stratford on entering really did favour the belief that it was the birth-city of the Elizabethan poet. Now, in place of all this, you enter over the bridge upon such a street as the world never saw elsewhere. It is not a street, for it widens so rapidly that the pedestrian on getting to the top on one side is compelled to use a telescope if he wants to see the houses on the other. It is a great ugly triangular open space, fitted for nothing but to be abused, and looking upon it from the site of Middle Row, with the bridge in the distance, the whole assumes so much the appearance of a huge blackbeetle-trap, that one can hardly help fancying there is a large hole in the middle of the bridge for the poor wretches to tumble into. Look out for that hole, Mr. Hobbes!

I wish to goodness I could manage to persuade the restless innovators who would destroy the Stratford of olden time, and raise up in its place a bad imitation of a bit of Leamington, to look at these matters in a more careful and historical light. I am convinced that the time will come when

its inhabitants will bitterly repent having changed the Stratford of Shakespeare into a Stratford that might as well, if these kinds of "improvements" are suffered to proceed unchecked, be Stony Stratford, Stratford-le-Bow, or any other Stratford, and not the dear darling Stratford-upon-Avon of Shakespeare. If it had not been for this unfortunate destruction of the Middle Row, it might be said that Stratford was unique in preserving its streets and boundaries unaltered for seven centuries! Even as matters now are, the fidelity with which the ancient divisions of the town have been preserved for so many ages is, I believe, without a parallel in local history. We will just pass over the bridge, and see if we can form some idea of the Stratford of Shakespeare's time by noting the changes three centuries have effected in the locality.

In the first place, on the left-hand side, was a large open space, of an irregular triangular form, extending between the river and the street which is termed the Water-side. This plot of common meadow, into which ran on the south a creek from the river, was called the Bancroft. It is now unfortunately enclosed, and in its place are wharves and such-like abominations. Now, to make some atonement for the fall of Middle Row, let me beseech Mr. Hobbes to raise a pot of money to restore this part of Stratford if not strictly to ancient uses, the feeding of swine and geese, at least to public grass-green turf. Here would be an improvement, if you like, and not only an improvement, but a pious restoration. The creek from the river divided the Bancroft from the Chapel Lane, at the bottom of which was a bridge leading over into the former. Chapel Lane, which was sometimes known as Dead Lane and occasionally also as Walkers' Street (the street of the walkers or fullers), always held its present relative position. So also Sheep Street, High Street, Chapel Street, Wood Street, Henley Street, Scholar's Lane (called also Tinker's Lane), Old Town, the Rother Market, etc. All these main streets retain the same names and positions which they occupied in the time of Shakespeare. The chief alterations consist in those effected by the destruction of Middle Row, which divided the present ill-shaped Bridge Street into two streets called respectively Fore Bridge Street and Back Bridge Street. At the end of the former street, and the corner of the High Street, on the site of the house now occupied by Messrs. Chattaway and Samman, resided for many years Thomas Quiney, Shakespeare's son-in-law. All the land to the north of the Guild-Pits was common land, unbuilt upon. Indeed, up to a comparatively recent period, with the exception of the Unicorn Inn just before entering Bridge Street, there were hardly any houses on the right-hand side after passing the bridge. The new portions of Stratford are chiefly those to the north of the Bridge Street and Guild-pits, and those to the south of Old Town and Poor's Close Lane. Poor's Close, Salmon's Jowl, and Salmon's Tail, are, I am told, to be effaced by some railway accessories. All I have got to say is, worse luck to them! whoever take shares in any railway which interferes with the ancient bits of ancient Stratford, the least evil I wish them is that they may never get any dividends.

Between Poor's Close and Bull Lane is a nearly square plot of ground which is marked in 1759 as a plantation of trees. I forget at this moment its present aspect. Going down Bull Lane from Church Street, there were a few houses on the left-hand side, and no more. The first turning to the right led into Love Lane, straight onwards being the foot-path over the fields to Shottery. The second turning was Sanctity Lane, the two Salmons being on the north side of this lane. To the south were open fields unbuilt upon.

If you restore the Bancroft to its ancient greensward, and build up Middle Row again, Stratford proper would be, barring the modernization of most of its houses, the Stratford-upon-Avon of Shakespeare. That so desirable a consummation will be completely effected can hardly be hoped for. I fear that Middle Row is gone for ever, and that the Stratford folks will never be coaxed into setting it up again, speak we never so nicely and winningly. I do, however, hope to live to see the time when the Bancroft shall be restored to the lovers of Stratford, and seated on its turf, to enjoy a view of the soft-flowing Avon which may even rival that obtained from the terrace of Mr. Hunt's river-garden.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

ROSLYN CASTLE

ROSLYN Castle stands on a peninsulated rock, overhanging the river Esk. Higher up the same rock stands the Chapel. The scenery round is very picturesque and fine, and comprises all the sylvan and romantic beauties of hanging woods, beetling rocks, precipices, hills, dales, and mountains. The history of this edifice will be comprised in a short space; but that of its founder with his titles, genealogy, and personal memoirs, were it inquired into, would occupy a volume. Some few particulars, however, it will be expedient to mention, as they serve to characterize the customs of a particular age and class of persons. "After the death of Prince Henry Saintclair, succeeded his sone William Saintclair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Holdenbourg, Earl of Cathnes and Stratherne, Lord Saintclair, Lord Nithsdale, Lord Admiral of the Scots Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of three Marches betwixt Berwick and Wiathorne, Baron of Roslyn, of Pentland, Cousland, Newborough, and Roxburg; and Knight of the Cockle after the order of France, and Knight of the Garter after the order of England; Great Chancellour, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland." He flourished in the time of King James the First of that name, surnamed Stewart. "He, was a very fair man, of great stature, broad bodied, yellow haired, straight, well proportioned, humble, courteous, given to policy, as building of castles, palaces, and churches, the planting and training of forests, as also the parking and hedging in of trees, which his works yet witness. He was much esteemed of by the King, and was therfor desired to goe to France, with the Lady Margaret, the King's sister, who was desired in marriage by the King's sone. Which he did with great triumph, for he was accompanied with one hundred brave gentlemen, whereof twinty were cloathed with cloath of gold, and had chains of gold, and black velvet foot mantles; twinty in white and black velvet signifying his arms, which is a ragged cross in a silver field; twinty cloathed with gold and blue colour'd velvet, which signified the arms of Orkney, which is a ship of gold with double tressure and flower de leurs goeing about it in a blue field; and twinty diversly color'd, signifying the divers arms he had. Who, when he was arrived in France, he was honor'd by all men, and lov'd of the King, who made him a Knight of the Cockle after the order of France; and after the nuptiall rites were celebrated, he took his leave of the King and Court of France, and returned home to his own country, but they were all sore displeased at his departure. But when he was returned home into Scotland he was welcomed of the King and all his friends and with gladness accepted of them all, and within short

time after, he married one honorable Lady, Dame Margaret Douglass Countess of Buchan, daughter to Archibald, the second of that name ; she had serving her seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters to Noblemen, all cloathed in velvet and silks, with their chains of gold, and other pertinents ; together with 200 riding gentlemen, who accompanied her in all her journeys. She had carried before her, when she went to Edinburgh, eighty lighted torches. Her lodging was at the foot of Black Friars Wynd. So that, in a word, none matched her in all the countrie, save the Queen's Majesty. After the marriage of these noble persons, Prince William made all the bonds of maured his Father had, to be renued and signed, paying to every one of his frialls according to their estate ; as to Lords he gave two hundred pounds, to Barons, one hundred. In his house he was royally served in gold and silver vessels in most princely manner, for the Lord Dirlton was his master household, the Lord Borthwick was his cup-bearer, and the Lord Fleming, his carver, under whom in the time of his absence was the Laird of Dumleary, surnamed Stewart ; the Laird of Drumuline surnamed Twedie, and the Laird of Calde, surnamed Landilands. He had his walls and chambers richly hung with embroidered hangings." Though the proud Barons of England in the fifteenth century manifested great splendour and kingly ostentation, yet they were much surpassed in all these haughty ceremonies by the Laird of Roslyn.

"Where erst St. Clare held princely sway
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay."

His landed property was vast, his vassals were numerous, and his will imperious. In a MS. memoir of the house of Douglass is the following account of building Roslyn Chapel : "He builded the church walls of Rosline, having rounds with fair chambers and galleries thereon. He builded also the forework that looks to the north-east, the bridge under the Castle, and sundrie office-houses. He made plaine the rock on which the Castle is builded, for more strength, but his adge creeping on him, made him consider how he had spent his time past, and how to spend that which was to come. Therfor to the end he might not seem altogether unthankful to God for the benefices received from him, it came in his minde to build a house for God's service of most curious work, the which that it might be done with greater glory and splendor he caused artificers to be brought from other regions, and forraigne kingdoms, and caused dayley to be abundance of workmen of all kinde present, as masons, carpenters, smiths, borrowmen, and quarries with others : for it is remembered that for the space of thirty-four years before, he never wanted great numbers of such workmen. The foundation of this rare work he caused to be laid in the year of our Lord 1446. And to the end the work might be more rare, first he caused the draughts to be drawn on Eastland boards, and made the carpenters to carve them according to the draughts thereon ; and then gave them for patterns to the masons, that they might thereby cut the like

in stone. And he made them build the town of Rosline for a convenient place for them to lodge in, and gave every one of them a house and lands. So that this town, by reason of the great concourse of people that had recourse unto the Prince (for it is remembered of him that he entertained all his tenants that were any way impoverished, and made serve all the poor that came to his gates, so that he spent yearly upon the latter 120 quarters of meal), became very populous, and had in it abundance of victuals so that it was thought to be the chiefest town in all Lothian, except Edinbro' and Haddington." The chapel was not completed during the life of the founder who died 1479, but his successors added to the building and establishment. The sacristy, vestry, or subterraneous oratory at the east of the chapel, was founded by his Lady, Dame Elizabeth Douglass. Some additions were made in 1522 by William St. Clair of Roslyn. The establishment was intended to be a college for a Provost, six prebendaries, and two singing boys, the collegiate chapel was certainly designed to be much larger than it appears at present. Every phenomenon of nature, or extraordinary effort of art, was formerly the parent of some legendary tale, or romantic story. In the gloomy ages of ignorance, such occurrences were always deemed marvellous. The Castle, Chapel, and Lairds of Roslyn were certainly calculated to amaze the illiterate, and intimidate the weak. Among other stories, the following is recorded. Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, in following the chase on Pentland hills, near Roslyn, had often started a "white faunch deer," which had as often escaped from his hounds; surprised at this, the Monarch asked his nobles one day when they were assembled round him, if any of them had dogs which they thought would be more successful? At first all were silent for the true courtiers were fearful of offending by even hinting at a competitorship with their King. At length, Sir William St. Clair of Roslyn boldly, but unceremoniously said: "He would wager his *head* that his two favorite dogs, *Help* and *Hold*, would kill the deer before it could cross the Marchburn." The King instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland Moor, against the proposed wager. An early time was appointed to decide the event: all were expectant, all were anxious, the heart beat alternately with hope and fear. The hunters reach the "Heathern Steeps," and Sir William posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the virgin Mary, and St. Catherine. The deer is started, the hounds are slipped, when Sir William spurs his gallant steed and cheers the dogs. The deer reaches the middle of the Marchburn brook, the hounds are still in the rear; and our hero's life is at its crisis! an awful moment, the hunter throws himself from his horse in despair, and fate seems to sport with his feelings. At this critical moment, *Hold* fastened on his game, and *Help* coming up, turned the deer back, and killed it close by Sir William's side. The generous Monarch embraced the knight and bestowed on him the lands of Kirk-town, Logan house, Earnshaw, etc., in free forrestrie. Sir William as an acknowledgment, and in gratitude for St. Catherine's intercession, built a

chapel to her memory, in the Hopes, where its cemetery still remains. The hill where the Monarch viewed the chase, is yet called the "King's Hill." and the place where Sir William hunted, the "Knight's field." In Roslyn Chapel there is a tomb for Sir William St. Clair, on which the knight is represented in armour, with a greyhound at his feet; and the local Ciceroni, in explaining the chapel to strangers, repeats the story of the hunting watch with some additions—one is, that the knight in his emergency exclaimed "Help, haud, an' ye may, or Roslyn will loose his head this day." It is recorded by a sculptured representation of a deer and a dog, on one of the capitols of a column in the chapel. Another superstitious story relating to this edifice was that previous to the decease of any member of the illustrious house of St. Clair, Roslyn chapel was to be seen in flames without sustaining any injury. Two barons of Roslyn were buried in a vault beneath the chapel pavement, and it was customary to encase them in armour, without coffins.

THE GLORY OF LABOUR.

BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALION).

LISTEN friend unto my story,
 There's a moral in the crowd;
 Higher than the claim to glory,
 In the annals of the proud.
 List the earnest strokes of labour,
 As from iron blocks they ring;
 See the arms that wield a sabre,
 For a country and a king!

In the crowds of workers ever,
 There's a lesson for the vain;
 On the land its chorus surges,
 Loud as storm upon the main.
 Knowledge springs from labour's battle,
 As the gem comes from the mine;
 For its blessings are immortal,
 With its wealth the nations shine.

At the forge brave labour swelters,
In the city's ceaseless hum ;
Never flagging, never resting,
Though oft wearied, never dumb !
Stern the spirits that long wrestle,
With the daily cares of life ;
With its suffering and its trials,
And its never vanquished strife.

As I walk among the workers
Oft my heart with love is filled ;
For I know their deeds and courage,
Every throne and country gild !
That the highest and the proudest,
Owe a fealty to the men,
Who delve in mine and quarry,
And to toilers with the pen !

Those rare men who mould our morals,
Set great thoughts in language strong ;
Men of every right the lovers,
And the foes of every wrong !
Labour solves the golden secret,
Of old England's wealth and fame ;
Clasps her brow with gleaming chaplet,
Stamps with sterling praise her name !

All the greatness of each nation,
From the hand of labour springs ;
Evermore its massive music,
Rolls around the world and rings !
Busy in the mine and mountain,
Rearing verdure on the sod ;
Carving wonders out of nature,
With the bravery of a God !

ANNABEL LOVELACE.

A STORY THAT MAY BE TRUE.

BY H. KAINS JACKSON.

CHAPTER I.

ORDERED TO THE CRIMEA.

"THE poor fellows shall have a dance before they go, to meet those obstinate Russians," said the lady of Colonel March, as she read in the *London Gazette* that the gallant 3—th regiment was ordered to strengthen the British army in the Crimea.

"And a champagne supper," added the old Colonel; "that was the way we used to 'open the ball' under Arthur, Duke of Wellington. A good supper and pretty partners in the dance we found a capital preparation for fighting, for then we got the *work* over as soon as possible in order to get back to our *play* again; champagne suppers, pretty partners, and a step in the service."

And so the master and mistress of No. — Army and Navy Square, Tyburnia, decided a party should be given to their friends, including Major Berthorpe, of the 3—th regiment, then under sailing orders for the terrible campaign which already had assumed a fearful importance to all those who had sons and brothers wearing Her Majesty's uniform.

"It will be a kindness to Annabel," continued Mrs. March, "and will help her to get over her parting with the Major."

"Ha, ha," laughed the Colonel, "girl's hearts are tough articles and will bear a good deal of pulling, this way and that way, and Annabel's a brave hearted specimen of our red and white cheeked English girls. That was always one of my toasts, Margaret," gossiped the veteran, to his wife, "one of my toasts, to our fellows. After a good many other toasts had been drunk, I would have the champagne glasses filled, if we were in any country where champagne could be got; and I warrant you, when I said 'remember your colours, lads,' and gave 'English red and white,' there was a merry jingling of the regiment's glasses, as we swallowed the rosy bubbles, and each thought of some pretty face at home, brighter and sweeter than any to be met with out of sight of old England."

The speaker was one of those men who had played his part in the Waterloo campaign, and was now about sixty-five years of age. Forty years of peace had not softened his warlike instincts, and although retired from active service, he took a lively interest in this new war with Russia, and, indeed, rather enjoyed the return to things "as they used to be, and would always continue till the end of the world;" for now every day the

newspapers were filled with stirring details of the mighty contest going on in the Crimea, and one of the Colonel's keenest regrets was, that he had not the pleasure of fighting *with* the brave fellows that "we fought *against*, and beat, you know, at Waterloo."

Colonel March, therefore, was thoroughly pleased at his wife's suggestion, and had privately made up his own mind, to give once more—

"Our English colours,

White and red, lads, white and red,"

which he meant to deliver with innumerable twinklings of his old clear grey eyes, as he'd look around on the pretty faces about him.

A kind hearted, honourable gentleman was Colonel March, and a chivalrous, in all things with which woman was concerned, but that he should look upon war as a natural state of a nation's affairs, and the separation of soldier lovers from their sweethearts and country, as a pleasantly exciting episode, is not at all extraordinary, if we remember the sort of education a boy received, sixty years ago—brought up to the profession.

It is here necessary that the reader should be made acquainted, with the Colonel's wife and sister-in-law.

Margaret and Annabel Lovelace were daughters of a soldier who had left them orphans, and, as soldiers' orphans not unfrequently are left, with but very slender property for their support. There was a difference of fifteen years between the two girls, Margaret being, at the death of Captain Lovelace, in her twenty-first year, and Annabel in her sixth. Mrs. Lovelace, their mother, had been in delicate health before the news came from a foreign station, to say her husband had died, after two days' illness of the fever of the country, but in the trouble and excitement which followed she had, apparently partially recovered, and was able to make the several necessary business arrangements with her solicitor, including the sale of the house in which she was living. Indeed, the family's preparations were completed for settling in a pleasant little cottage near London, and she had thought over her plans for making her income go as far as it would, when, at the last moment, her health completely gave way, and she sank under the physical disorder and mental trouble which had, for a time, been kept in check by the one great anxiety that had carried her through the first year of her widowhood.

Margaret and Annabel Lovelace were now fatherless and motherless, but no! they were not without friends, very kind friends both able and willing to help them.

An elder sister of Captain Lovelace had married a baronet, Sir Peter Hartwood, who dying, had left his lady an ample fortune for her life, and she, at once wrote to Margaret, asking her to come and make a home at Rochester Hall, a roomy old mansion which would be all the brighter for a few young faces.

And as there was no better, or pleasanter arrangement possible the two nieces were soon installed in their apartments, and the aunt, Lady

Hartwood, loving gaiety for its own sake, did all she could to make the orphans' new home a cheerful and happy one.

Margaret in her own right, and as the natural guardian of the little Annabel, had an income of £80 a year, which for personal expenses and pocket money would be sufficient.

As events followed for the next five years, they do not demand special mention here. Anna Lovelace was sent to a good English school at the sea-side, where the groundwork of a sterling education, with good living, and care for the physical well being of the pupils, were obtained for sixty out of the eighty pounds which came to the girls every year.

At the end of these five years, Margaret was seven-and-twenty and her sister twelve years of age; and a turning point in their lives had come.

For Margaret Lovelace was about to be married to Colonel March, much to the satisfaction, and yet not without the great regret of Lady Hartwood. The match was considered eligible in every way; for whilst Colonel March was not yet an old man, although twenty years the senior of Margaret, he had a very handsome fortune independent of his profession.

Certainly, there were half a dozen girls of Margaret's own age, daughters of peers, to whom the offers of Colonel March with his £5000 a year, would have been acceptable, and as Lady Hartwood had no property to leave her niece, the match really was a good one for Margaret, a girl to whom sentiment was less than position, and to whom no man in the world was so dear as her little sister Annabel.

It may be supposed that, as Margaret Lovelace was portionless, she had something to attract the notice of the fashionable Colonel? And so she had; she had the beauty which for five years had been the delight of Lady Hartwood, and which had been the means of filling Rochester Hall with the gay visitors whom its mistress always liked about her, but whom, to speak the truth, any number of invitations had not been able to allure before Margaret Lovelace had come to live with her aunt, and make the dull old hall one of the most festive mansions in the county. This change was very welcome to Lady Hartwood, for who does not know that the aunt of a charming girl comes in for half of the compliments, for five hundred out of the thousand polite attentions which are paid solely on account of the young and beautiful niece? Therefore, it was from a misgiving of this truth that made Lady Hartwood regret Margaret's marriage whilst the natural satisfaction of having brought about a capital match for her niece, balanced the first unpleasant feeling.

Then, as a matter of course, she would, of right, be a frequent visitor of Margaret when the Lady of Colonel March, so she would banish all doubts, and the marriage which was to take place in Rochester Hall, should be as brilliant as titled friends, soldiers' uniforms, and a pick of the county beauties could make it.

All this had happened some ten years ago, and has but little to do

with Annabel Lovelace, except to make clear her present position towards Colonel March and her sister.

Annabel was brought home from school to be one of her sister's bridesmaids, and the wonderment she felt at the gay spectacle, opened her shy beautiful eyes, and called forth many a remark, as the visitors noticed the child's face, glad without smiles, and the little sedate figure that walked in the ceremony more like a vestal in a temple than a school-girl giddy with the sight of sights to girls of all ages and conditions.

It may be expected that Margaret's place at Rochester Hall would be filled by the younger sister, Annabel, but this was not to be. Margaret decided she should finish her education at one of the convent schools of France, and make her home, in vacation times, with her; and, although Lady Hartwood's assent to this proposal may appear strange, yet it was freely given, for Annabel was not old enough to go into society, and thus retain, on her ladyship's visiting list, the many friends whom Margaret's presence had brought to Rochester Hall.

So Colonel March and his wife went on their wedding tour of three months, and Annabel Lovelace to her school in France for the next five years.

Left to her own resources, Lady Hartwood found, although she might stay with Margaret two months out of every year, that during the other ten months she was comparatively a neglected old woman. Yes, she was driven to admit even that last adjective, as more and more she gave way to low spirits and the indulgence of a physical apathy which are at once the cause and effect of disease. Then as there never came the excitement in Margaret's house which comes with baby advents, the sad mistress of Rochester Hall gave way to a disorder which only exercise and excitement could have kept under, and died at the end of three years after her niece's marriage.

The heir to Sir Peter Hartwood's title and estate being a minor Rochester Hall was offered to let, and Colonel March, just then wanting a country house, at his wife's request became the occupier of the mansion.

The Colonel's lady inherited a portion of her aunt's love of gaiety, and being without children, the Colonel, always having lived much in the world, liked nothing better than to see his house full of friends, so that the old hall was once more embellished by painters, paper-hangers, and gilders, and enlivened by the presence of gay company.

It was to this home that Annabel Lovelace was brought when, at eighteen, she took a final leave of her quiet conventual school life in Normandy, an accomplished and very beautiful girl.

Margaret had proposed to herself that Annabel should have every advantage that her own position in society could give, and certainly there were enough dinner parties, summer *fêtes*, and balls given at Rochester Hall, during the first twelve months after Annabel came home, to introduce a score of gentlemen, of whom the families and position were greatly

in their favour, should they wish to carry off one of the sweetest girls then breathing English air.

"Good faith!" the Colonel would sometimes say, "without being impolite to you, Madge, I think Annabel the loveliest creature I have ever seen."

"I think so too," the lady wife would add; "I am not jealous of my own little sister; I wish I could see a little more gaiety in her face: she does not seem to care much for anything."

"You'll see, by and bye, she can care and will care very much for something and somebody; and for the present, she is a good cheerful girl to all of us, Margaret: why," added the Colonel, as if speaking to himself of an unaccountable thing, "I find myself thinking more about pleasing our little Nun, than all our other friends together: I leave them to you."

Now all this was true; and the influence of Annabel had made itself generally felt. She was not what is called a quiet girl, for, not seldom, the time came when she would display an earnestness either in conversation, or in following out the little plans of the day, that justified the Colonel in thinking Annabel's general calm and thoughtful manner proceeded neither from apathy of constitution, nor sombreness of mind.

When twenty bachelors, the *elite* of Colonel March's friends, were constantly seeing a girl, so beautiful as I have said Annabel to be, many persons would suppose that something like a definite proposal of marriage would soon give her the refusal of other homes than Rochester Hall, but it must always be remembered that she remained poor, although indeed she now had the eighty pounds a year to herself and another £150 which Lady Hartwood had been able to leave her. Thus the twenty bachelors who would have been eager suitors if to beauty something like a fortune of £20,000, or at least £10,000, had been added, soon thinned down to three who were willing to take her if she had been shoeless. Two out of these three *men* were as wealthy as any amongst the visitors to Rochester Hall, and heirs to titles; whilst the third was a soldier who had just money enough for one thing—to purchase his majority in the regiment of which he was captain—his two lower steps he had obtained by chance and time-service; and when Captain Berthorpe paid into his agent's hands the sum which made him Major of the 3—th regiment, he had nothing in the world but a good soldier's reputation and his pay,—and, in justice must be added, a face that always had friends looking at it, for in truth wherever he took it there was it welcomed, for the fine nature of which it was the handsome index. And Major Berthorpe was the only man that, as yet, had had a chance with Annabel Lovelace.

The purpose of this story, "that may be true," is not to follow the windings and doublings of love, ere it yet sees and knows its object, and then pursues to the death, but to record the result: let then my assertion, at once be admitted that Berthorpe loved Annabel Lovelace, and that Annabel Lovelace loved Major Berthorpe as well?—as well as human nature will let man and woman love each other.

When this state of affairs had become known to the Colonel and his wife, there was a mutual admission that the match was not the one they should have advised.

"She may have Harvey, who will one day be Viscount Martel, any day she likes," said the Colonel.

"Or Major Berwick, who has £10,000 a year entailed upon him with his father's title," said the elder sister Margaret; "I wish you would speak to her."

"Rather not, thank you," quickly replied the Colonel. "I leave all domestic affairs in your hands, and beside I have a notion Annabel has got better reasons on her side, than any we have on ours, should we discuss the question."

"Perhaps so; I wish Berthorpe had an income:—or, at least, prospects?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, "and yet he is one of the finest fellows the Commander-in-Chief could pick out for a little bit of favour. Perhaps we shall be having a war again one of these days, and then there will be a chance for him."

And thus it happened that neither the Colonel nor Margaret interfered with Annabel's love affairs, until Major Berthorpe had asked the lady and been accepted without reserve—and then the Major went and told the Colonel, and Annabel confided her secret to her sister. It was now too late to interfere, and so the Colonel shook the Major's hands and told him he was the luckiest field officer in the Queen's army, whilst Margaret took her "little sister," as she still called the beautifully grown and tall girl but who was fifteen years younger than herself, in her arms, and said, "My darling, I wish I could love anything as you will love him." And she added nothing about income or titles as she held Annabel to her heart, with almost a mad jealousy of the passion with which she felt the lovers regarded each other.

A soldier's engagement may very well last a few years without his being more than three months altogether near his mistress. There was therefore nothing extraordinary, when the 3—th regiment had been ordered to Gibraltar and the Ionian Islands for a year, that the marriage of Major Berthorpe and Annabel Lovelace should be deferred until the elapse of that period. It had just expired, and preparations had already commenced at Rochester Hall for Annabel's wedding, when the sudden order came, noticed at the beginning of this chapter. This time, the station would be in front of a strong enemy, and there could be no further talk of wedding favours.

"Berthorpe's chance has now come," said Colonel March, "and I mean to call at the Horse Guards, and say a word or two into the right ears—we shall see him a full Colonel when he comes back."

And then, leaving Rochester Hall for the town house, Army and Navy Square, a champagne supper to the Colonel's friends was arranged should be given; just as such things had been done when the Colonel

himself had been a young fellow wishing for promotion, as the one ultimate end of a soldier's life. The paramount interest felt in this object must be regarded as a reproach to the military profession generally : it is on a level with the aldermanic-city-wish to make money, and amongst men of honour should not stand *always first*.

When Margaret told her sisters of the grand party to be given in honour of the Colonel's friends on the night before they left for Southampton, Annabel only observed "she supposed the occasion was thought a proper one for supper and a dance ; it was an old custom ;" and she then walked away to avoid talking on the subject.

On the Colonel's visiting list were several names of officers, besides those in the 3—th regiment, who were going out to the Crimea, and invitations were sent to all, and to their sisters and such lady friends who were in pretty nearly the same position as Annabel ; and as most of their invitations were accepted, Mrs. March reckoned upon a brilliant evening. The vague answer her sister had given relative to the party was not exactly one of disapproval ; at the same time, Mrs. March felt the subject was an uncertain one, and so the preparations went on without much more being said to Annabel, for Margaret really thought the painful *quart d'heure* of parting would be best got through by the help of a little gaiety and champagne.

And the party *was* a kindness to some half dozen girls among the guests, who on that evening had to say good-bye to their lovers or brothers. The bright scene around was too strong for their imaginations, the picture before their eyes too festive, too close, too real, as the Colonel gave his toast of

"The English colours, lads, white and red,"

for them to let their gaze pass beyond the gay stage occupied by dancers in brilliant dresses and uniforms, to the background tableaux of a ghastly battle-field, where men lie dying and dead."

So the rose-champagne bubbled down the white throats of the girls, and the anxious hearts of sisters and sweethearts took courage, and let the red colour remain in their cheeks until the very moment of parting. Thus the ball and supper was for the majority a great success.

But Annabel Lovelace was not there, and because she was not there, both host and hostess felt a painful doubt whether the jingling of glasses and the whirl of dancing were quite in keeping with the occasion.

Annabel thought they were not ; and so, some three hours before the guests should arrive, on pretence of going out to make a few personal purchases (she thought this course better than argument !) she had gone to Waterloo station direct and started for Rochester Hall.

The following letter, containing an enclosure for Major Berthorpe, arrived before Margaret had felt any anxiety for her sister's return :

"Dearest Margaret,—I prefer, just at this time, staying at the dear old Hall. It is one of my fantasies, and as you spoil me, by letting me do

as I like, I have gone down for two nights. The day after to-morrow I shall again be with you in Army and Navy Square. You must not let the Colonel be cross : I know he will give his favourite toast, and, tell him, I have only carried my white face away : it would have spoiled his allusion. Please give the enclosed to Major Berthorpe.—Always your affectionate little sister,
ANNABEL."

The note enclosed, written in Italian, was as follows :

"Amico Mio,—You will come to Army and Navy Square this evening expecting to see me. I have run away from you, to be with you, and that you may be with me, *in thought*, during the last few hours you have to stay in England. I shall watch through the last night thinking of you ; and you will see and think of me more than if I were with you. You must not think me a coward : I can look your fate, my fate, in the face although it be the face of death. I would not keep you away from duty a single hour. Go—and remember you are an Englishman, and that I love you. And whilst I am not unequal to my position, yet I cannot shut out from my eyes the dangers that are before you and your comrades—Heaven keep you, my soldier-lover !—so, I simply prefer to write this good-bye, rather than dance away the last hours although in your presence. I now do say 'good-bye' with a cheerful heart and in the hopeful trust that you come back to make the happiness of,—Yours ever,
ANNABEL LOVELACE."

"Major Berthorpe."

Upon reading this note, the Major sought his hostess. She took him aside and could but say that her sister had run away from the party, at the last moment—she had gone down to stay two nights, by herself, at Rochester Hall.

There was no help for the lover ; he felt he could not leave the party, so he did the best thing the situation allowed ; he stayed to the supper and then returned to his hotel, leaving the dancers to their enjoyments. A reference to "Bradshaw's Guide" told him there was a slow train left Waterloo station at four o'clock A.M. : it was now one. As Major he need not accompany the men in the same train, so his resolution was soon fixed. He would yet see his darling watcher before he left England ! His arrangements were easy ! he would take the night train ; he should arrive soon after five o'clock at the station nearest Rochester Hall, pay his visit, return, and proceed to Southampton where he might well arrive as soon as the troops.

Rochester Hall was some five miles off from the railway, and at the station no carriages were to be had at five A.M. : so Major Berthorpe set out to walk the distance, feeling sure he could get back to the station in the Colonel's dog-cart. His way was plain enough and he arrived at the Hall long before he expected to find any of the servants stirring ; but the gardener at the lodge observed that wholesome practice of getting up before six o'clock, and thus Berthorpe, tired and hungry, found the smoke curling

over the lodge cottage. Telling the old man he had only some two hours to stay, before he must again be off to embark for Sebastopol, there was soon provided a pleasant breakfast, of strong tea and eggs and bacon, smoking in the lodge, for which his anxious journey and long walk had given him a needful appetite.

"Shall I now go and awake them up at the house, sir," asked the gardener shortly after six o'clock, when he saw his unexpected guest had made a capital breakfast!

"I'll go with you," said Major Berthorpe, "and see if a horse is to be had to take me back to the station."

"Why, there is Miss Annabel!" exclaimed the astonished gardener.

Annabel, as she had written she would, had watched through the night, and had come down to refresh herself in the garden with the early morning air.

Berthorpe told her he had come to say good-bye to her, and had already had some breakfast at the cottage, as he could only stay a very short time, so the dog-cart was ordered to be ready in an hour at the lodge gate, to which they could walk across the park—there was no need to go in to the house.

"But I have a keepsake to give you," said Annabel, "wait here a minute whilst I fetch it; I will soon be back."

Annabel went into the house, ascended to her own room, and took out a curious miniature from a private cabinet. She looked at it for a moment; and if she thought the portrait beautiful, it was only to feel proud and happy she had got so much beauty to give to her lover: she was very glad he had come, for this miniature had been done expressly for her parting-gift. Now she could give it him in the park, when they should come to the seat under the double elm, where she had first acknowledged her love.

The miniature was round, rather larger than a crown piece, and was painted on a thick piece of enamelled oak, which was rimmed and backed with gold. On the reverse was a blazoned star, in the centre of which were the following words enclosed in a circle:

"I neither rise nor set; my place is in the heavens, and I change not with the changes of night and day, or of summer and winter."

Annabel had chosen as emblem of her love a fixed star; and by the changes of night and day, she meant life and death, firmly believing love could survive the latter.

With this *gage d'amour* she rejoined Berthorpe in the garden, and the two lovers walked through the park.

"Are you dissatisfied with me," asked Annabel, when they had found a well known seat, "because I would not stay? I suppose you were vexed when all our friends remarked my absence?"

Berthorpe had not won his mistress's heart by flattery, and he did not employ it now when he answered:

"I should have been vexed, my Anna, at any other time, but in these last few hours I can but feel one emotion; and—I am here. I stayed

through the supper, and then, whilst you watched, I travelled through the night. I have found you," he exclaimed, and took the girl wholly in his arms, as if he would clasp her heart into his own.

"But you cannot," said the impassioned Annabel, "I wish you could ; that I could compress my own life into your heart, to go with you, to be in the same dangers, and to be defended by only this same and one protection ;" and when she said this, the girl's head nestled on Berthorpe's chest, as if it would dash its separate existence into the one throbbing heart beneath.

The soldier was well rewarded for his journey—the woman he loved, he felt was his, many times as much his as common love would make her ; and although the physical form could not give up its separate existence, yet he knew at that moment the spiritual soul of Annabel Lovelace, with an exercise of its spiritual power, had really given itself up to him and was then in and a part of his own heart.

"Let me hang this round your neck," she said, as she took out of her bosom the little oak miniature."

She showed Berthorpe first the star : "That is my love !" Then turning the portrait to view, she added : "And that is Annabel Lovelace !" "Take both," she whispered, "to be yours in all dangers ; in death should it come ; in happiness and life, if you're spared me."

As she hung the miniature about her lover's neck, the pure minded and passionate girl, threw herself in his arms, as though she were giving her very self to the man she had chosen and loved. Her love had not been lighted by the glowworms of moonlight sentiment, nor would it be snuffed out by the flies' wings of changing circumstances.

"That is my love : and that is Annabel Lovelace," were words spoken with a meaning when she gave him her keepsake. And the lover will keep it for the sake of her whose devotion was the unpriced jewel the rest of the world could not buy of Her Majesty's soldier, Major Berthorpe. But may the love of woman—of any Annabel Lovelace—adopt for its emblem the fixed star that looks unblenched on the hearts of centuries, throbbing with mighty yearnings, hatreds, anxieties, and hopes, always unchanging, always in its place in the heavens ?

"I change not," is a proud motto for a girl's heart to adopt at twenty years of age. But then true love must needs take a brave motto : what may take a braver ?

It is now time to part—to begin to part, for there is yet the glades of the park to cross. Neither the soldier nor his mistress wasted their moments in vows and promises which suit well enough the lips of ordinary lovers on ordinary occasions. They rose and walked silently, arm in arm, to the lodge. The groom and dog-cart were in readiness, the Major took his seat ; Annabel gave him her ungloved hand, which he kissed as a husband kisses the hand of his wife ; in another moment he is proceeding rapidly towards the station. One turn of the head to look back, and love from love, in its physical presence, is parted.

"God bless him and you, Miss Annabel," said the old gardener; "he's gone to the wars as brave and true an Englishman as I know—and the grey-haired soldier-servant of Colonel March, thought to himself, "and I was at Waterloo." "But cheer up, Miss—excuse an old soldier for saying it—he'll come back and marry you, if he marries any lady in this world; and here am I who have been in six pitched battles, let alone the skirmishes.

"I'm glad you think so," Annabel answered kindly, to the humble encouragement of the honest hearted consoler, the country has never wanted brave soldiers."

"No, nor never will, Miss."

And then Annabel suffered the old man to walk back with her to the house, gossiping, as he walked a little behind her, of the glories of the British army.

For the next six hours, she who had watched and thought through the night, kept in bed, and sleep came to her for the last half of the time: Passion had tired out Nature.

In the afternoon, she went to Army and Navy Square, and became once more a member of the Colonel's household, entering into the arrangements of the day with her customary quiet cheerfulness and self-repose.

The Colonel and his wife had privately agreed that Annabel should "*be talked to*" when she came back. She must not be allowed to act in such a foolish way, even in her love affairs. "Just think," observed the Colonel, "at what a disadvantage she places herself; Berthorpe and all the world now know how far her heart is lost: and she is not married yet. Yes, this time I will speak to Annabel; she is worth twenty other girls, but she should not as much as tell Berthorpe he is worth half a dozen other Majors, and perhaps even a Colonel beside—I will talk to her."

And accordingly, in the evening, opportunity was made, and Colonel March and his young sister-in-law were left alone. When Annabel had returned from Rochester Hall, she had been kissed and welcomed, as darlings who have been missed for a few hours are kissed and welcomed, back to the home they delight, and as yet no mention had been made of the party.

Immediately they were alone the fatherly Colonel began clearing his voice, in order to commence his lecture with becoming dignity: he was sadly disconcerted when Annabel rose from her chair, pushed an ottoman to his feet, and, sitting down, folded her hands across his knees and looked up into his face.

"I want you to tell me a battle story," she said to the veteran; "you know I'm to be a soldier's wife, speak to me of the dangers you have seen—the dangers all must meet."

"Why, Annabel," answered the Colonel, affectionately patting her head, "are you, a little girl, again wanting to be frightened with the

ogres and goblins of war? No, my child, but I will tell you another story.

And then the Colonel and wise man of the world spoke, as he thought, very wisely, as he certainly did, most tenderly, about young girls letting their lovers know they had given up to them their hearts and souls. It was very well to be affectionate, men liked it; "but," added the lecturer, making a general confession for his sex, "I would not advise any woman to let a man know she cannot live without him and be happy. That is a last sweetness that only a wife should tell her husband. You have been a silly silly girl, Annabel, to tell Berthorpe's friends, as your absence did, how well you loved him. Rely upon it he will henceforth be called the 'Happy Major.'"

At the conclusion of his lecture, the Colonel waited complacently for an answer: he flattered himself he had perfectly succeeded in the delicate task he had undertaken: he had not been harsh, nor worldly, nor unfeeling, and the wise little Annabel would feel the wisdom of his words.

She looked up at the veteran very earnestly and for some time in silence, and then she asked:

"You know many men—I only know two, yourself and Major Berthorpe; but tell me, do you think any honourable man, whom I loved, would be dissatisfied with me; I mean with my conduct? If *you* were leaving me to go to Sebastopol, would you make Annabel Lovelace other than she is—proud to acknowledge her love, and heedless whether the world knew it or not? I cannot change myself."

"Well, you see, Annabel, I only speak of things as I've noticed them."

"But speak for yourself, and, affectionately insinuated the beautiful girl, I will accept the answer of my second father; if you were my lover should you really say I had done wrong to sit up and watch through the night, as I have done, instead of meeting you at a ball?"

"I know but one thing," replied the veteran, as he bent over and kissed Annabel—"I should love Annabel Lovelace more than all the world beside. Go where you like, act as you like, and be always yourself; there is no other model for *you* to copy—models are for others, not for you."

"Of course, of course," the Colonel added loudly, as his wife at that moment entered the room, "you must think of these things, Annabel."

By which remark he wished Mrs. March to infer he had cleverly fulfilled the task he had undertaken.

"What, have you been scolding our little coward?" asked Margaret, "for nearly spoiling our gay party?"

"Yes," said Annabel, "and then forgiven me, of course. Indeed, what could he refuse to a lady at his feet?"

"Well, now they're gone, we must read all the papers, and I've brought you the *Globe* for this evening. It describes the embarkation of the 3—th at Southampton.

And Colonel March and his lady, and Annabel Lovelace, did read all

the papers for the next eighteen months ; and perhaps not another word will be thought necessary, to infer the anxiety, dissatisfaction, pride, shame, doubt that nearly reached despair, and triumph, felt by those at home who had friends fighting there ; for all these feelings were reflected in the English papers during the struggle in the Crimea.

Amongst the guests who had come to Colonel March's champagne supper, had been six girls who that evening parted from their lovers ; and four of those lovers had fallen either on the Alma's slopes, on the morning of Inkerman, or in the trenches before Sebastopol. Major Berthorpe's career had been brilliant and fortunate ; he had met dangers to survive which was fame—promotion—wonder ; and he had not only escaped with his life, but had never received a wound half an inch deep. Such marvels will recur to the memory of every military man. Luck or chance, it would seem, can guard the hair of our head from harm, and do the office of guardian angels—or, I am willing to believe, a guardian angel itself protects us ; *how ?* one day may be discovered. For the present, however, we will say that by luck and chance, Berthorpe did escape through the Crimean campaign without anything but dirt, scratches, and frost. Before he had been in the field three months he had been battle-brevetted as Lieutenant-Colonel, a position he kept, for the Colonel of his regiment had not left England, but had stayed at home to die in his eighty-second year ; and that event occurring just after peace had been proclaimed, and whilst our troops were yet under canvas, Colonel March told Annabel, Berthorpe would be sure to get the command of his regiment—his services entitled him to it ; “and, my dear,” he gallantly added, “in three months more he will be back for the flower of the Lovelaces.”

Up to this moment Annabel had never allowed herself to feel elated with her good fortune. She had read Berthorpe's name coupled with gallant deeds, and felt the pride his career commanded ; but when each fresh time, she heard of his escapes, only a flood-tide of thankfulness carried away and supported her grateful emotion. But now peace *was* proclaimed and Annabel's heart gave itself up to the elation of happiness.

Throughout the campaign Colonel March, under pretence of professional interest in the war, had always claimed a first sight of the newspapers. The professional interest, although very great, was nothing but personal tenderness towards Annabel, in a wish to save her from seeing any ugly news which was likely to come in the terrible dispatches written by Russian hands in English blood. But now that peace had come, the Colonel had abandoned his rightful claim and it often happened either his wife or Annabel got the first glimpse of the day's news.

And the old soldier had again resumed his gay jokes about handsome officers and pretty girls, and more than once with his

“English colours, lads, white and red,”

over his solitary wine, he had nodded to Annabel, and brought a little extra colour to her cheeks.

For was she not now the happiest girl in England? And did not a bridal party, soon to come out of Rochester Hall, cast not its shadow, but a stream of sunny light before it, and give permit to Colonel March to indulge his old fashioned gallantry?

Then Margaret too, was she, a woman, to be behind-hand with her little sister's trousseau? The journey home from the Crimea was a mere trifle: he would take steamer and railroad, and steamer again, and be at Dieppe and then Newhaven, and then at Rochester Hall before they should be ready with all the braveries of a bride! So every day, and nearly every hour in the day, either the Colonel, or Colonel's lady, or the old soldier-gardener, or the papers were telling Annabel Lovelace that her happiness was touching her, and claiming her to live for ever in its sunshine.

Let us turn to the miniature with its proud emblem of a fixed star, and watch the gallant wearer.

(To be continued.)

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY T. F. DILLON CROKER, F.S.A.

OVER bygone years we ponder—
Like a dream it seems to be,
When we scaled the orchard yonder,
And climbed up that apple tree.
We patronized then "sweet stuff" shops,
And we romped with other boys;
Then kites and marbles, hoops and tops,
Were almost our only joys.
At certain seasons of the year
Would our boyish heart rebound;
For home we gave a jovial cheer,
As the holidays came round.
We remember well the dentist
And his operating chair;
We think we must have been apprenticed
To life's early troubles there.

We remember fairy glories ;
There is no need to dissemble ;
We are mindful of ghost stories,
At which we used to tremble.
We were taken, we remember,
(Was it not a pleasant time ?)
Many years gone last December,
To a Christmas pantomime.
How we envied clown and fairy !
Then we took a different view
Of those bowers so bright and airy ;
"Bowers of bliss" they call them—pooh !
We imagined such scenes truthful,
And our "bliss" was then untold ;
Now we are no longer youthful :
"All that glitters is not gold."
And the fairies we admired,
When those visions were so bright,
Now appear poor creatures hired
At a shilling perhaps a night.
It was but a childish fancy,
When with fixed and anxious stare,
We believed in necromancy
And the "Demon of Despair."
When our youth all joys enhancing
Made so much of "bowers of bliss,"
When we were so fond of dancing,
And asked slyly for a kiss !
When we played and joked and flirted
At that then precocious age,
And we very much diverted
Others in life's later stage.
Those *were* parties ! how we laughed there,
We, so gay and young and hearty !
And weak wine and water quaffed there,
When we were—a *little party* !
We remember those we met there,
And—the truth is hard to stifle—
So much *tipsey cake* we ate there
It appears to be *no trifle* !
The time seems so short and pleasant
Now the long years intervene ;
May the past linked to the present
Serve to keep our memory green.
To such scenes the mind will wander,
And recal some happy days—

Friends of whom we have grown fonder,
For true friendship ne'er decays.
We look back sometimes with wonder,
Strange the time now seems to be ;
And as on the past we ponder,
Should look forward hopefully.
There is much will give us pleasure,
Mingled with some thought sublime,
As we contemplate at leisure
These links in the chain of time.
In our life is many a blunder,
Howsoe'er our lot is cast ;
And we cannot part asunder
The time present from time past.
The joys and sorrows both appear,
And maybe some care and strife ;
Whilst the memory of those held dear
Is preserved in after life.
Since the lives that all are leading
May to good or evil tend,
Ever watchful, ever heeding,
Let us calmly bide the end.
As the future is now dawning
Almost imperceptibly,
From the past we should take warning,
Cherishing its memory ;
And remember as we ponder
On some folly that is past,
Time is not for us to squander,
Since each day may prove our last.

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THE TREASURES OF THE SHORES.

Now the dancing sunbeams play,
On the green and glassy sea;
Come, and I will lead the way
Where the pearly treasures be.
Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me !

FOLLOW me first to the beach, where the heaped up drift and tangle lies in long black rows ; we turn it over with our foot, and it looks uninteresting in the extreme, and is all alive with sandhoppers. But take a branch away gently, the little animals will hop off, they are no more attracted to you than you are to them ; and although you may find it profitable entertainment to make friends with them on some future occasion, my present desire is that you should only attempt to become acquainted with the sea-weeds. In this heap at our feet all the branches are brownish,—they all belong to the olive sea-weeds, that colour characterizing the first great family of marine plants. The members of this family are large coarse weeds generally, though there are groups of very minute and elegant ones among them, as we may find by a little, a very little, careful observation. Here is one like narrow straps of leather, with bulges here and there that look like pods ; this is the sea-oak (*Halidrys siliquosa*), and the pods are air vessels, which act as floats to the plant. It is very common on our shores. Nearly allied to it is the gulf-weed (*Sargassum*), which floats in such masses on the surface of the ocean that, when Columbus encountered one of the vast plots of it, he was quite distressed and believed that it was the will of Providence that his undertaking should be thus frustrated. The gulf-weed has leathery stems, and little leaves, called *fronds* in sea-weed language ; and abundant round air-pods on the leaf-stalks, and elsewhere. It is not a British sea-weed, but is occasionally washed up upon the shore. Another plant resembling the sea-oak is here too ; the air-pods are very large, and little branched spikelets issue from them. The name of this weed, *Cystoseira*, means *bladder-chain*, and this is the largest and most common species of it. This long ribbon like frond is familiar to all frequenters of the shores ; it is crumpled like honeycomb in the middle, and frilled along the edges ; some of the fronds are four or five inches broad, and six feet long. I have seen it hung up in houses to serve as a barometer. This is the Sweet Tangle (*Laminara*). Another weed closely resembling it, but divided into a bunch of long ribbons, or rather

Tangle, from the frond being cut into segments. Both these weeds are great favourites with zoophytes. If you examine them closely you will see a fine white network spreading in patches on the surface, each little cell being inhabited by a minute and iridescent animal; then, again, you will discover delicate branches, looking like the fretwork on biscuit-china; in each joint of these tiny branches lives a little animal! Again, here are little specks and lumps, and on using the lens they turn out to be clusters of alabaster houses, leaning one over the other in a minute circle. Delicate fringe, as soft as hair, droops from the edge of some of the fronds; and this when "floated out," proves to be a most elegant olive weed, which has grown parasitically upon the large one; its branches are delicate in the extreme, branched, and branched again: it is the Littoral Ectocarpus. Here are small weeds in the heap too, out of which the sandhoppers jump obligingly; they look like dried up miniature bushes. One has tiny branches in clusters, and is called the Broom Sphacelaria, from a likeness in its form to that of the shrub of Plantagenet; another has more irregular branches, much divided, and drooping: it is called the Feathery Sphacelaria.

But we will leave the dry heap, and go on to those low rocks which the tide has just left. Be careful where you step, for all the weed is slippery—that bright green especially so. We find here a thick crop of various kinds of fucus. This, with the broad, dark forked fronds, toothed like a saw, is the *Fucus Serratus*; this, with the large air vessels which crack as you step upon them, is the *F. Nodosus*; this one with swollen tips, and lighter coloured frond, is the *F. Vesiculosus*; and the one with narrow fronds and a channel along their centre, is the *F. Caulicleatus*. Some of the fronds are half covered with hairy tufts; these are clusters of the parasitical *Elachistea*—the name meaning *least*. All these weeds look very common, but they are in reality the most important of the order. Once upon a time some country folk gathered a bundle of dry weed, such as we have just been examining, and made a fire of it upon the sands; afterwards they found among the ashes coarse fragments like glass. This led to the discovery of the use of sea-weed ashes, or kelp, in glass-making, and they became a source of a revenue amounting annually to £200,000 to Scotland. Afterwards the presence and value of iodine was discovered, and a method was invented for obtaining it from sea-weeds. It is discharged from the kelp in a violet vapour, and condensed in glass balloons to a black crystalline solid. It is valuable as a medicine in scrofula, and all swellings; and is much used in photography; the poet describes it as

"Comforting the tossings of pain with its violet tinted essence."

Sea-weeds are used by the farmers along our coasts for manure; in Holland pigs are often fed on the fucus, and the sea-weed harvest in Jersey is accounted a most important occasion. These olive weeds form the principal part of the useful class, for they are very large in proportion to the rest of the order, and contain most iodine as well as offering a greater bulk for manure.

As we turn along the shore we find large bunches of leather thongs, for the substance of the frond is tough in the extreme; it is as large as its neighbour, and is called the Fingered *Laminaria*: it grows attached to stones about low-tide mark. Here is also a slender weed; when in perfection it has numerous side branches with minute branchlets on either side; the colour of the *Dictyosiphon* is a golden olive.

We find tangled masses of sea whip-cord (*Chorda Filum*) lying on the shore, sometimes covered with downy hairs, but oftener rubbed smooth by the action of the waves. The round narrow fronds grow to a great length, sometimes forty feet; they are hollow, and divided every few inches into compartments, which act as air vessels and keep the weed floating. Sailors call it "Dead men's ropes," on account of the danger incurred by swimmers when entangled in its coils. The "rope" is very strong, I have often bound a bundle of weeds together with it, and found it hold tightly for a day or two; after which, if kept moist, it begins to decompose.

Desmarest's weed (*D. Aculeata*) is a pretty branched species, with thread-shaped fronds and clusters of spines instead of foliage.

The Peacock sea-weed (*Padina Pavonia*) is one of the most attractive members of the olive order; its frond is fan-shaped, and marked with darker zone: it is an annual, and grows in rock pools on the southern coasts of England.

One family in this order are so minute that they appear as mere specks to the naked eye, and their form is only discernible by means of the microscope. They grow as parasites on other weeds.

If our locality of research be on the coast of Scotland, we shall find forked and serrated fronds of a dark red hue, somewhat resembling the fucus in form; this is the *Odenthalia Dentata*, the first member of the red order. As the olive order stands pre-eminent for its utility, so does the red for its beauty; it presents us every variety of shade, from the palest pink to the fullest blood colour or the richest maroon;—of form, from feathery plumes to fan-shaped fronds of extended membrane. Sometimes the texture of the fronds are so delicate, that we can hardly spread them with a camel hair pencil without injuring them; and in other species it is so tough, that we have to put forth our strength to detach them from the rock.

Here upon the shore, near low-tide mark, we find long, branched, thread-shaped fronds attached to the stones, but lying in an entangled mass upon the wet shingle, looking like a bloody stain. This is the *Polysiphonia Elongata*, one of the commonest members of a large group of red weeds, characterized by their numerous hollow slender branches. The fronds in this species attain the length of above a foot. Another species of darker hue, almost black when dried, we find among the rubbish higher on the shore (*P. Nigrescens*); and a third grows like a bunch of branched horse hair on the stem of *Fucus Nodosus*. These are all too sturdy in texture to be easy to spread for drying, but they form pretty objects when once successfully put out. Under larger sea-weeds

in the tide pools, we find an undergrowth of the *Laurencia Pinnatifida*; the fronds are of a dark purplish hue, and though narrow are yet too broad to be called thread-like; the substance is cartilaginous.

The *Chylocardia Articulata*, called by children "Crab's claws," is a very attractive weed. Gelatinous in texture, the round branches are contracted every few lines, so as almost to look like a string of beads. It also is difficult to dry, being so very glutinous. There are several other species of the same genus, all distinguishable by the fleshiness of the fronds. Many of the tide-pools are carpeted by a growth of the common *Corallina*, its jointed fronds covered with so firm a coating of lime as to cause it for years to be ranked as a true coral. In deep pools it is of a beautiful lilac colour, but becomes paler when more exposed, and the tufts washed on shore are generally bleached white. The little red *Janias* are likewise coated with lime; their delicate thread-like fronds grow parasitic on some of the larger red-weeds. Nearly allied to these coral kind are the *Nullipore*; they resemble corals still more closely, being so thickly enclosed in lime that we should never suspect their vegetable origin had not science demonstrated it. The *Melobesia Polymorpha* grows in blunt knob-like branches, attached to stones and shells, and is of a whitish colour; the others are more like incrustations. Dr. Landsborough tells us that the mortar used in the Cathedral of Iona was formed of these lime-coated plants and calcined shells.

We must search the deepest tide-pools for the leafy fronds of the beautiful *Delesseria Sanguinea*, so great a favourite with all Algae-collectors. These fragile leaves are shaped like the Hart's tongue fern, and attached to a strong cartilaginous stem. Sometimes after spring-tides a bunch of them is found in great perfection, but their delicate tissue is generally much torn by rude contact with the rocks. The oak-leaf *Delesseria* is equally beautiful, the fronds sinuated along the margin, like the leaf after which it is named; they are shorter than those of the *D. Sanguinea*, and the whole cluster is not unlike an oak branch. It is very common on most shores. The winged *Delesseria* has narrow fronds, the membrane only extending for a line or two beyond the mid-rib; it is of a beautiful crimson like its brethren, and scarcely less attractive. The other species are much rarer.

The *Nitophyllums* are to be found among lighter weeds after a gale. In colour they resemble the *Delesserias*, and also in the breadth of their fronds, but these have no mid-rib. In the *Torn Nitophyllum* the frond is divided into lobes, and the edge is fringed with little notches. The seeds of sea-weeds are contained in spores, which are situated either on the outside of the frond or within its substance. In the *Nitophyllum* you can see the dots of seeds all over the membrane. The *Plocamium* is here too, among this bright heap left by the last tide amid the rocks. It has a thread-shaped frond, beset with flat sturdy branches, all feathered with minute branchlets: it is very easy to spread, indeed it spreads itself, for the flattened stems lie naturally, and the branchlets are not long enough

to become entangled. It used to be collected and sold as "Picture weed," being the favourite sort used for making sea-weed pictures.

Upon uprooted stems of Fingered Tangle, we find crimson leathery fronds, sometimes club shaped, and sometimes split into fingers like the plant on which it grew. This is the dulse, which was formerly sold in the markets and eaten either raw or cooked. It used to be called sheep's dulse, because those poor animals were so fond of it, that they sometimes were overtaken by the tide when in search of it, and drowned (*Rhodymenia Palmata*). There is a Torn species with the margin adorned with tubercles and the *R. Jubata*, its frond egg shaped, and fringed with young fronds of the same form.

The Gelidiums are occasionally found among sea waste. They have narrow branched fronds, and are gelatinous in texture. A member of this family is the plant used by birds to form the famous "edible nests" of Japan. They build in caves, the darkest and most dangerous imaginable, and men climb for the nests at the risk of their lives. They used to be sold in China for about five guineas the pound, and were then made into jelly.

In the rock pools we find abundance of a red leathery forked frond, with little tubercles all over it: this is the *Gigartina Mammillosa*, first cousin to the edible nests; it is common on all our coasts. The Carrageen Moss (*Choudrus Crispus*) is here too; under the water its crimson fronds seem tipped with blue, but this iridescence disappears on removing it from the water. This weed makes excellent jelly, most nourishing for invalids, and when carefully prepared with wine or milk it is palatable as well as wholesome. The edible properties were first discovered at Carrageen, in Ireland, hence the name. The *Kalymenia Reniformis* is a beautiful weed; its name signifies *beautiful membrane*; the frond is fan-shaped and waved and puckered at the margin.

In the tide pools we find the sweet dulse, an egg-shaped weed, thin, tough, and tapering towards the base. At one time this species was a favourite article of food, and Professor Harvey says it is still eaten by the poor. But of all the beautiful weeds among the stranded treasures, none can surpass, few equal the *Ceramium*s. Each branch is composed of a string of cells, semi-transparent in many species, and branching into the most beautiful shrub-like forms. The largest species has firmer stems, but many of them grow as mere incrustations on rocks at low tide, and the beauty of their fairy structure needs a magnifying glass to render it visible. Allied to these are the beautiful and diminutive *Callithamini*s, delicately formed and feathery, and of beautiful shades of crimson. There are a great number of species belonging to these two genera, and including many of the most exquisite of our beautiful red weeds. The green weeds, forming the third and last order of Algae, are neither destitute of use nor beauty, though they yield the palm in the first to the olive, in the second to the red weeds. The *Codium Tomentosum* we may long search for in vain; it has long, branched, rounded fronds, beset with hair, and of a fresh green

hue. I have found it abundantly on the coast of Cornwall. Its brother the Purse-like *Codium*, is a native of Jersey ; it grows as a hollow ball the size of a chestnut. But if we carefully examine the sides of the rock pools we shall find the glossy branches of the feathery *Bryopsis*. Here the main stem throws out close set branches on either side, which, in their turn, are clothed with fine branchlets ; the texture is gelatinous, and the colour a bright yellow green. There, too, is the *Cladophora Rupestris* in abundance ; its thickly matted branches varying from a dark myrtle green to a whitish hue, and all rough to the touch. Others of the same family wave in the limpid waters, growing from the rock, or as parasites on the Coralline. The *Conferva* family are characterized by their thread-shaped fronds being unbranched. We find one like a lock of coarse hair, of a dull green, curled, and much entangled ; it grows where fresh and salt water mingle. Finer hairs, more twisted, are found entangled amongst sea-weed ; this is another *Conferva*.

Clustering grass-like fronds of the most brilliant green wave in nearly all the tide-pools : this is the *Enteromorpha Compressa*. Silky tufts of whitish green fronds, so narrow as to be thread-like, lying high and dry among the wreck, are plants of the *E. Clathraria*. There are many other species of the family, more or less closely resembling these. The *Ulva Latissima* and *Lactuca*, with their bright green glossy fronds, broad and transparent, are familiar to us ; do we not constantly slip upon them as we ramble among the wet rocks ? The purple sea-silk or Laver (*Porphyra Vulgaris*) is equally common and beautiful ; it is good when cooked as spinach.

Few who have not attempted to gather a sea-weed nosegay have an idea of the beauty and variety to be found among these marine meadows. None give time and interest to examining the work of our beneficent Creator without reaping a full and speedy reward in bodily and mental health. Such pursuits pre-occupy the mind, rendering it less in danger of the assaults of "science falsely so called," and while admiring the works of God we can hardly fail to be brought nearer to our Creator. Not that the works of creation, un-expounded by their Maker, could reconcile the alienated soul ; but who shall say when it may please the Lord of all to make His voice heard among the trees of the garden revealing His Son to His creature !

I have but described a few of the most ordinary weeds found upon our shores ; a very little application will make any moderately intelligent seeker acquainted with these, and then he will daily add to his store, ever seeking new knowledge, and thirsting for it the more he possesses.

QUICKSANDS ON FOREIGN SHORES.

EDITED BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

(Continued from Page 205.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE STRUGGLE.

WITH the first dawn of the ensuing morning, before even the Abbé's watchful ears were awake, Raimond de Fleurier had left the chateau, and was pacing up and down the garden which belonged to the house in which Mrs. Courtney lodged, in the hope that Agatha's early habits might enable him to exchange a few words with her, before the rest of the family were stirring. Nor was he mistaken: the sun had scarcely risen when Agatha descended into the garden to breathe the fresh morning air, and revive her wearied mind with a solitary stroll before entering on the cares of the day. How lovely was that early morning scene! the river so brightly blue, shimmering in the rays of the sun, as it hurried swiftly past the rocks that confined it on each side—the distant hills seeming to mingle with the soft clouds that the cheerful morning light was gradually dispersing, the vines already showing signs of autumn in their red-tinged leaves. Agatha stood lost in contemplation of the beauty a bountiful Hand had spread thus before her eyes. "Oh, how happy might we be on this lovely earth if only man would not mar all!" she exclaimed, and at the same instant started, conscious of some one near. Yes, it was Raimond, as some too true instinct had taught her, and with a throbbing heart, and inward spring of pleasure, which she strove to conceal, she turned to greet him.

"You are pale, dearest Agatha! and no wonder," he cried as he caught her hand; "that face tells of a sleepless night; I fear you have met with reproach on my account, and this fear has made me unable to resist coming here at a rather unseasonable hour that I might have the chance of speaking a few words with you."

"I have certainly had much to grieve me since we parted yesterday, M. de Fleurier," said Agatha sadly; "but the reproaches of my poor mother were the least part of the pain: to see how entirely she has thrown herself into the hands of a Roman Catholic priest—how ready she is to give up, nay, that she *has* given up all her religious privileges—this it is that has so deeply afflicted me: and yet more, the conviction that my poor sisters will both be taken from me, and from all Protestant instruction and influence; my Clara especially, who has been my only companion of late in worship or in study of the Bible,—the thought of losing her does overpower me! But it is very faithless, I know," she

added in a broken voice, "to allow myself to be so overcome. If those dear children are entirely taken from my frail care, I know that an All-powerful Arm will still be near to guide and watch over them,—they will not be forsaken!"

"Agatha! dear Agatha!" cried Raimond clasping her hands with emotion; I can never be worthy of one so noble, so devoted,—yet oh! if it be possible that you can in any degree return a love whose fervour you cannot have failed to perceive, though I have endeavoured to conceal it—then believe that your young sisters would next to yourself, be my tenderest care. Dearest Agatha, look at me! do not refuse to bid me hope; do not turn away!"

As he spoke, Agatha sunk on a garden seat and covered her face with her hands.

"I have alarmed you, dearest! I have pained you by speaking so suddenly," said Raimond, sitting down beside her; "but oh, Agatha! if you knew the disturbed state of my mind, you would not wonder that I can no longer be silent. Besides, the hope that I might be of some comfort to you if you would permit me,—that I might offer at least some earthly advantages,—this hope brought me to your side this morning." He paused, and Agatha compelled herself to look up and speak.

As we have already intimated, it was impossible that Raimond's attachment should take her entirely by surprise, yet she had certainly tried to persuade herself that he felt nothing *very* serious, and had told herself again and again all that she had heard of the levity of Frenchmen, and the enthusiastic temperament and lively gallantry of the Provençals; still there is something in real affection which makes itself known by a kind of freemasonry, and so powerful had its effect sometimes been upon her own feelings, that it had cost her many an effort to banish the dangerous thought from her mind. But now that she heard him by word, and still more by look, avow so devoted (and certainly so disinterested) a love, she could not listen without a degree of emotion that made her tremble for her own strength.

Must she cast from her one of the very few friends with whom her path had been blessed? Yet how could she dare to think of linking her fate with one so lately an *avowed* sceptic, and still so unsettled in his faith,—had he indeed any faith? and was it not regard for her that had led him to Valency? Yet the struggle was hard.

"I were cold indeed," she said in a faltering voice, "if I were not touched by such feelings, Raimond! but do not urge me for the sake of any worldly bliss to forego the greatest, almost the only, comfort I have lately possessed—a heart at peace with God. Indeed, Raimond, I should be doing wrong could I accept your love!"

"Wrong? What can you mean, Agatha? But whatever you mean, your words are life to me—for I know you would tell me at once if my love were quite odious to you,—if you felt you never, under any circumstances, could return it; but, if you consider that it would be wrong to

listen to my addresses on my mother's account, recollect that to please her it would be necessary for me to submit (at least outwardly) to all the soul-fettering ordinances of the Roman Catholic Church; and this is what I can never do again. I will be a hypocrite no more; I have already been one too long rather than grieve her!"

"Her disapprobation must be in any case an obstacle to your addressing me," replied Agatha; "but I am not thinking just now of what she would feel (though I should be very sorry to be the cause of bringing on you her indignation and that of all your relatives). It was my own duty, and that speaks to me in too plain a voice, I fear—" she hesitated, and the tears filled her eyes; but she contained herself with a violent effort, and drawing her hand from Raimond's earnest grasp, continued, "I dare not engage myself, M. de Fleurier, to one whose opinions and views of religion are so undecided as yours."

"Is that your only reason, Agatha? Then, indeed, I may allow myself to hope!" cried the Baron. "All unworthy of you I am indeed, but the false religion you so justly abhor, I have already in heart abjured, and am ready to do so publicly, I assure you, when I have *you*, beloved one, by my side, to support me under a step now only painful from the pain it must cause to those dear to me, and especially to my affectionate mother. I owe it to your blessed influence and conversation, that my eyes are open to so many of my former errors. You will not refuse to finish the work you have begun. You alone can help me to what I still want; you can make what you please of me, dear one!"

"Do you think I could accept such responsibility?" said Agatha. "Ah no! my own faith too often needs support. I want guidance myself. I have scarcely yet learned the hard lesson of walking alone (at least without earthly aid) in the rough paths of life; how then could I support another? Were I so presumptuous as to think it possible, I should be equally wrong thus to bind myself to one whose religious views are—what shall I say of them, Raimond?—that I know them not,—for to be disgusted with Rome is not to be a Christian; and were the feelings you now entertain *more* than feelings, were they confirmed principles, how could you have confessedly remained so long a nominal member of a church you condemn?"

"Dear Agatha! to your scrupulous and well-trained conscience, such an outward adherence as I have kept up to the faith of my forefathers for some years past, may well be inconceivable: with *you* to perceive a duty, and to perform it, however difficult, would be the same; but you know not how *our* religion warps the conscience, or you would pity one placed as I am. Till I became acquainted with you, dearest, religion and superstition were synonymous terms to me. Oh Agatha, my mind has been in fetters from childhood upwards! The fetters of Romanism, rivetted by my mother and the teachers she provided, were broken as soon as I came to think for myself,—but alas! they were replaced by those of scepticism,—and it is to you I owe all the light I have gained since!"

"Indeed," said Agatha with deep emotion, "I do feel for you—nay—I fear I have allowed myself to show too much interest in you: but you are too generous to have misconstrued this, which is *all* I may venture to give."

"If you have indeed some interest in me, Agatha, you surely will not throw away such happiness as might be in store for both of us, merely because my faith is as yet, I admit it, vague and unsettled, instead of being fixed like your own. I might rather ask you how your tender nature can permit you to cast off one, who, with you beside him, might be enabled to supply his many deficiencies, and who without you must sink into a sea of uncertainties, perhaps errors! That evening on which you made a remark, called forth by the beauty of the starlit sky, about a future life,—that evening, dearest, was perhaps the turning point of my life: not that I had never thought seriously before, but your look and tone so impressed me with the *reality* of your belief, that I determined to look into that religion which was so evidently the centre of your existence. But you are so entwined with all these thoughts, Agatha, that I cannot separate them; you have been for months the guiding star of my life. Will you abandon the vessel that steers by the beacon you afford?"

Agatha's lips moved, but she could not speak; and Raimond presently continued: "Then think, my beloved one, of the home I can offer you. My own peculiar home is, as you know, among the lovely Estelle mountains, the sweetest and most retired spot in all Provence: where, far from the troubles and cares that have hitherto been your lot, you might find happiness and tranquillity,—I could secure to your dear sisters a cheerful home, and with you to guide them and a *brother's* arm to shelter them, your poor heart might at length cease to throb with anxiety on their account: no priest should enter my doors, and if your mother should be soon disgusted with her faith, and wish to return to that she has abandoned, she might ever find an asylum with her children! My Agatha! has such a picture no charms for you,—does it point to no place in your heart?" and he gazed anxiously in her face as he spoke.

Yes, the picture was only too inviting, and for a moment Agatha felt she must yield,—that she had not strength enough to resist the temptation; but dared she pledge herself to one who, though seeking, as she hoped, had yet not *found* the true anchor of faith? Could such a one be what a Christian wife ought to find in her husband—an assistant and guide in the heavenly road? had she any security that his interest in the whole subject was based on a surer foundation than love? He could not himself tell what his feelings would be without her. No—her conscience, long trained in her Saviour's service, forbade her to follow the yearnings of her heart; a moment's mental prayer for strength, enabled her to look up calmly, and pronounce the words that were to inflict bitter disappointment; but, though she wished to shut out hope, her voice faltered in spite of herself.

"Do not think me insensible to what you feel, Raimond, or to the

disinterestedness of your affection ; I feel it only too much ! but I am decided,—do not urge me to what I feel would be wrong ; I am unfit for a guide, nor is such the position that a wife should hold ; no Raimond ! did I yield to you now, you might yourself repent such a rash step one day."

"You little know me if you think so," said he, unable to conceal the degree of hope for the future, at least, which the conviction that she was not indifferent to him gave. He entreated her to wait, and not decide on both their fates so hastily,—to let him hope that a future day might prove him less unworthy,—“but do not forbid me hope, Agatha,” said he, “you think yourself perhaps the most friendless of the two ; but Agatha, *you* have found, what *I*, alas, am still without, a support that enables you to look beyond this weary world for comfort and guidance. I might try to make you believe my faith firmer,” he continued ; “I think I might easily have led you to imagine me much nearer to yourself in my religious views ; but no,—not for one moment would I deceive one who is herself all truth ; better you should see me as I am, than fancy me far advanced on a path of which I can only say I do at least *wish* to enter it !

“May our merciful Saviour enable you to enter it !” cried Agatha, as her tears fell fast : “and He will, if you continue to seek Him. Oh, when once you have tasted and seen that the Lord is gracious, you will find that you need no earthly support ! But, if heartfelt prayers can aid you, mine shall not be wanting, and the weakest of us can pray for each other.”

“Your prayers must help me if anything can, and I will *try* to pray for you !” said Raimond, pressing her hands between his with fervour. “I would fain have offered you a brighter lot, Agatha, than I fear awaits you here ; the hope of being to you the friend you seemed to need—of adding some joys to a life hitherto so sorely tried—was a delightful hope to me : it has been a dream of bliss ever since I have known you, even now I cannot tear it from my heart. Yes, pray for me, dear one ! for if ever your prayers were needed, they are now ! I cannot look calmly at what my future may be—I cannot wish to live without you.” He paused, and turned aside to conceal the emotion he could not repress. For some minutes both were silent : but the advancing rays of the sun which began to penetrate the shade under which they were seated, warned them that the early morning hour was passed, and that the rest of the household must be astir, and might interrupt them at any moment.

“We must part,” said Agatha, sighing ; “forgive me the pain I have caused you, Raimond !” He started, and again grasped her hand.

“Tell me, Agatha, before you leave me—tell me—do you mean to reject me for ever?—may I not carry a thread of hope with me into the future ?”

Agatha bent her eyes on the ground while she hesitated for an answer. “Don’t let us look into the future, or rather *strive* to do so,—for it is

hidden from us," she said at length ; "the *present* only is ours, and my present duty is clear,—I must bid you farewell,—our paths must now be different ; but pray for me, Raimond, as you said you would ; yes, do pray for me, and you will learn ere long the comfort of prayer for yourself !"

"Alas, I know not how to pray ! but I will try, and I will read also. I have a Latin Testament at home, of which hitherto, alas, I have made but little use," said Raimond ; "but, oh Agatha, without you—" he added in a choked voice.

"One word more," she said, taking a little volume which lay on the seat beside her,—*"This Bible has long been my daily companion : it is the only remembrance I have to give you, Raimond. You are familiar with English, I know ; and if you will promise to study it."*

"*Your Bible, Agatha ! Oh, I will indeed search its sacred pages, more earnestly than I have ever read book before !*"

"Do so, Raimond,—but oh, do not think of it as *my* poor gift—think of it as the inspired Word—the book of life ! and may its study be blessed to you."

He took the volume with an unsteady hand : "Blessed gift, it *will* not be in vain !" he exclaimed, as he gazed on the tearful eyes of the giver. "God bless you, dearest Agatha ! Ah ! you are already blessed in the midst of trouble !"

A few minutes more and the interview was over ; they had parted ; and Agatha was left alone.

CHAPTER X.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

THE Baroness found her plan somewhat hindered in its execution, she even had reason to fear lest it should be entirely frustrated, by the sudden illness of the person whom she was most anxious to get rid of.

Agatha returned to the house after parting with the Baron, and performed her morning duties as quietly as usual ; but a severe headache soon forced her to go and lie down, and when at dinner time she attempted to rise, she was seized with giddiness and fainting,—the natural result of over-excited feelings and much concealed anxiety for some time past. Mrs. Courtney was alarmed,—sent for the physician of St. André,—and when Madame de Fleurier called to take her the intended drive, she was met by Clara with a message that her mother was awaiting a medical man, and much regretted that she could not see her.

The Baroness returned home much annoyed, for she feared Agatha's influence might return during a time of sickness : she was somewhat consoled, however, by finding her son more disposed to yield to her project of inducing him to go to Paris, than she had expected. She said nothing

of Agatha's illness,—and had at last the satisfaction of seeing him depart for the capital that evening. She then sent a message to inquire for Mrs. Courtney and her sick daughter, and to take a basket of grapes for the latter, for angry as she was, she did not wish to show any want of attention ; and though she promised herself to reproach the “designing girl” bitterly as soon as she was well, she had no idea of letting Mrs. Courtney see *how* indignant she was at the attachment of the young people ; with her, she resolved to treat it more as a matter of religion.

The physician did not think Agatha dangerously ill : it was an attack on the nerves, he said, which, with perfect quiet, would soon subside ; but as long as her head continued so weak, it was necessary to observe the most profound silence, and keep her room free from all bustle and motion.

When Mrs. Courtney's alarm was relieved, she was very willing to give up the constant attention and nursing of her daughter into Clara's hands ; and though the Baroness could not persuade her to leave her lodging as soon as Agatha was convalescent, she consented to pay long and frequent visits to the convent and chateau, and Clara's feelings were wounded by seeing the impatience which her giddy little sister expressed to take up her abode at St. Catherine's with “*mes bonnes amies*,” as the nuns had taught her to call them.

It was touching to see what a careful and affectionate nurse the thoughtful little Clara made to her beloved sister,—how faithfully she followed the doctor's directions, and how vigilantly she kept guard by the bedside that no noise should disturb her patient. At the end of a week her cares were rewarded by seeing Agatha able to bear light and voices again, and she then ventured to admit the pastor and his wife, who had called to inquire for her,—their mother was out, so there was no difficulty in bringing them up-stairs, and the weary mind of the invalid was soothed by reading and prayer.

The next morning she was so much better as to be able to sit up at the open window, and to talk of going down the next day. Her mother's short visit being over, she called Clara to her side. “I really am getting anxious, dearest,” said she, “to know how things have been going on during my illness. It is but eight or nine days that I have been absent from the circle, yet it seems to me a very long while, and as the doctor forbade all conversation so strictly, I am in ignorance of everything. You need not fear to agitate me,” she added, seeing her sister hesitate ; “I can bear it very well to-day ; and you know, dear, the *worst* I am too well aware of,—I know mamma is a Roman Catholic at heart.”

“Well then, there is nothing worse to tell,” said Clara, “and though you are still sadly pale, you do look more like yourself this morning. The truth is, that mamma only waits to see you well again, to take up her abode at the convent ; she wants both you and me to go also, but I trust she will not insist on that. Madame de Fleurier wishes her to urge you to go back to England, but she does not seem inclined to propose it to

you, and always hopes you will 'come round,' as she says, 'to the true church.'" Agatha sighed deeply.

"Well, dear Clara, go on: tell me if you know anything of—the family of Des Roches," she added hesitating.

"Oh, the Baron de Fleurier went to Paris the very evening you were taken ill. His mother was anxious to get him out of our way, I fancy, lest we should turn him Protestant; but she need not have feared. Poor dear Agatha, your missionary work was soon cut short!"

Agatha turned away her head and leaned out of the window as if to inhale the fresh mountain breeze. "I suppose," she said after a pause, "that if mamma leaves us together, we shall continue to live here."

"I don't know," said Clara. "We could manage very well I think, but I dread lest she should not allow us to try. She is always saying what a good place St. Catherine's would be for my education, and so on. Oh, Agatha! what will become of us?"

"Sufficient unto the day, dearest Clara, is the evil thereof, you know; if God leaves us to each other, we will bear anything cheerfully; if not"—she stopped and her eyes filled with tears, "then must He support us!" she added in a faltering voice; "and He will; the loving eye that has hitherto watched over us, will not abandon us in our greatest need. But we cannot tell yet what our path may be; we are not utterly friendless even on earth.—M. Marcel is not far off."

"Ah, that reminds me," interrupted Clara, "that yesterday, as M. Marcel and his wife were going away after visiting your room, I was just opening the front door to let them out, when I saw the Abbé walking in the garden: he gave one quickglance and then looked down again on the breviary he was reading: but I saw he had noticed who our visitors were. Afterwards, mamma came to me when I was pouring out some coffee to take up to you, and said she wished the next time M. and Madame Marcel called, that they should be told Mrs. Courtney could not receive them. But, said I, it was Agatha they came to visit, and they did not even go into the sitting-room. 'Oh,' said mamma, 'that did make a difference, but she was very sorry; she wished you would have seen the Abbé instead; it seemed strange you refused to see him when he so kindly begged to see you,' but she did not absolutely forbid M. Marcel's visits. She ended by saying something about soon being out of reach of such disturbances—referring to her plan of going to the convent as boarder I suppose."

"Will you tell mamma, dear Clara, that now I am so nearly well, I will see the Abbé whenever she likes. I do not wish to shrink from discussion; I only refused to see him when my head was too weak to bear it."

"So I told her," said Clara; "and I said that our dear pastor's visit was not to talk controversy, but to read the Bible and pray with you,—you were not equal to anything more. Nor are you now, dear Agatha, I still think."

"You are a dear good nurse, my Clara, but I shall be quite up to talking controversy this evening, if mamma wishes it: I believe, however, M. l'Abbè will soon give me up; he has talked to me more than once already. Now I will lie down a little, to be ready for him, if he comes to attack me with a host of wise books and ancient relics."

"That smile is like your old smile, Agatha," as she arranged her pillows and closed the window: "but you are sadly changed within this week." And the affectionate girl smoothed the hair from Agatha's pale brow with a deep sigh. "I think it was very ungrateful of M. Raimond to go off in that sudden way," she continued, unconscious of the feelings she was touching with her words,—“after all his professions of friendship, to go to Paris the very evening after you were taken so ill, without staying to ask after you! I am afraid we did not make so much impression on him as I had hoped. I thought he was really going to be a Protestant, and then you know—” What further Clara might rashly have uttered, Agatha did *not* know, however, for she stopped her by a kiss.

"Don't say any more about that, my love," she said; "let us leave our friends to the same Guidance we seek for ourselves."

It cost Agatha something to say this without tears, but as soon as she was left alone her agitation gradually subsided, and when Clara came again she had fallen asleep.

The Abbè had a short conversation with her that evening, the particulars of which he did not relate to Mrs. Courtney, but he strongly advised her setting out the next day for the convent, as Mdlle. Agatha could now be very well left for a few days to her sister. Her mother delayed, however, till Agatha was able to be down stairs again, and walk out in the garden. She then recovered her strength rapidly, and in a few days looked nearly as well as usual, though her saddened expression and pale cheek told of much suffering of one kind or another. Nor were her looks deceitful; it was not possible that Agatha could readily banish from her mind all thoughts of the devoted friend, whose love—before it had been revealed to her as such—had cast so bright a glow over one of the darkest passages of her life. No! she often thought of the absent one, and prayed for him, but she found it hard to combat the too absorbing interest with which he had inspired her, and often would weak nature have the mastery. At such moments she would mentally exclaim: "Ah, why did I send from me the warmest friend I may ever have, and one whom I might have been permitted to influence for good? We might have been so happy together!" And dreams of bliss, bright and beguiling, would then float before her weary mind.

But her tempter—the suggester of these regretful thoughts, was not long permitted to have sway over a heart which, in all honesty, desired to fulfil her Master's will at any sacrifice. The only comfort, as far as Raimond was concerned, that she would allow herself to dwell on, was the hope of his future conversion:—the thought that if this should take place and that he still retained his feelings for her, he would surely

return, did also flit across her mind occasionally, but innocent as such a hope was, she did not dare to detain it, lest by striving to gaze on an uncertain future she should lose the present moment, and neglect the duties that lay before her.

Mrs. Courtney felt uneasy when requested by Agatha to take a turn alone with her in the garden, though she had been prepared for and waiting such a demand.

"I have indeed been wanting to speak with you when you were well enough, my dear," she said in reply to her daughter's questions as to her intentions and altered opinions. "Yes, it is quite true, as you have long known, my love, that I have changed my religious views. I now may call myself a daughter of the one true Church, and shall avow myself such, as soon as I enter the convent of St. Catherine's, where many kind friends await me, and would gladly welcome you too, if you would but be persuaded at least to make trial of the life there for a short time." Mrs. Courtney spoke quickly and excitedly as though she were glad to have got over this communication.

"Dear mamma, I do not speak with the faintest hope of changing your determination," said Agatha sadly, "but oh, could I but induce you to pause! You may bitterly regret the day you entered those imprisoning walls; it is, I am sure, easier to enter than to retreat from them."

Mrs. Courtney laughed at her daughter's fears, and assured her that no place could be less of a prison than St. Catherine's, as she could testify, having frequently spent many hours there; she added that of course she should take little Emily with her, but for the present Clara might stay with Agatha at their lodgings, the maid being dismissed, and the two girls being to conduct their little housekeeping on a reduced scale, and only to receive the occasional assistance of the servant of the house; for the convent was to receive a certain sum for the boarders about to enter it, and there did not remain more than a *very* moderate allowance for Agatha and her sister. This was, however, a matter of no vexation to them, and one they scarcely even thought of for a moment, as their former poverty had accustomed them to spare living and independent habits.

The next day Mrs. Courtney and Emily were driven to St. Catherine's in Madame de Fleurier's carriage: the parting was extremely painful, though the distance was so short, and they were so soon to meet,—for all felt that it was a more *real* separation than if oceans were to divide them,—but once over, it was a relief to both those who went and those who remained, for where there is no sympathy—no union of hearts, family affection becomes a source of more pain than happiness.

(To be continued.)

DICKENS'S WORKS: A SERIES OF CRITICISMS.

BY S. F. WILLIAMS,

AUTHOR OF "CRITICAL ESSAYS."

No. 2.—"THE CHIMES."

CANT, according to Carlyle, is the distinguishing badge and characteristic of modern society. It is the wide-spread universal disease infecting all our habits of life, undermining and destroying the trustfulness of man in man, slowly eating out all good-heartedness and sincerity, carrying in its train shallowness and falsehood, outspreading itself with its unwholesomeness and banefulness into every branch of society, and killing all our virtues, social and others. It is the gospel of our fathers and mothers wherein they instruct their children in the great doctrine of *forms* and *unreal appearances*, of swelling *talk* and infinitesimally small *work* and *doing*; but wherein the true teacher is the father of lies. How to attain the perfectibility of cant, is, to-day, the aim of our brothers and sisters; and the achievement of that is counted the highest good. How to live by hypocrisy and injustice is to-day the object of our human endeavours, an object, be sure, for ever unattainable. How to put the semblance of truth upon falsehood; how to be touchingly sentimental upon the woes of poverty, and the wrongs inflicted by society upon the poor; how to pathetically sympathize with the oppressed, and to wink at the oppressor; how, with the pretence of philanthropy, to tell the wounded man on the road-side, "Ah, believe me, my unfortunate friend, I pity you," and then to imprison him as a rogue and vagabond; how to invariably help the poor with money (which, God knows, is not the thing they want, but rather their rightful inheritance and acknowledgment as fellow-brethren), and to enlarge the base distinction in soul and intellect between them and the rich; how to conveniently forget what nature intended us to do as members of the great human brotherhood, but, at the same time (strange anomaly!) to denounce all shams, and to detect and expose all pretensions save our own; how to talk volumes of insincere, and, therefore, detestable sentimentalism and frothy patriotism; that thorough disregard of nature and stiflings of truth, in the gospel of to-day,—by no means the real healthy gospel, but far otherwise—a gospel rather of shams to be blown to the four winds.

Underneath these quack boastings and cant of philanthropy there are many injustices and social wrongs. Society, with its quasi-benevolence and its half-hearted sympathy with the poor, enacts laws which degrade those they are intended to elevate, because they make slight distinctions be-

tween naked poverty and crime, because they fail to begin at the right end, by recognising and declaring the fact that man, whether nude or in vestments of the dandiest Parisian fashion, whether a wretched beggar or a wealthy lord, whether an obscure peasant or an inane envied noble with a retinue of flunkies, is everywhere equal in the sight of the Highest Wisdom. Society ignores the fact, and limits its sympathies to gold, which is its king and emblem of all good. Considering the duties of the rich, it expends itself in beautiful talk; but talk is by no means helpful without practical embodiment; it evaporates, and leaves the world somewhat worse for its hollowness. Society crushes the miserable to the earth, and its cold-heartedness and contumely are the cause of much of the crime and misery of the world. It endeavours to make us believe that guineas and a superfluity of cash represent justice; and that poverty ought to be contemned because it is not blessed with purple and fine linen. It rejects the right of the poor to a spiritual equality with the rich. It has small sympathy with the sufferings, and slight mercy towards the vices, of the wretched. It acts with unfeeling harshness towards the vile, and the punishment and treatment they receive rather goad them to further crime than reform them. Its heart is dead to all great compassion, and feebly considerate of human weaknesses. It is disunited from nature, and has made of us something very different to what nature intended to make. In short, our modern society, with its pretensions, its miserable blazonments, its conceit, and such other extinguishable flare that goes to dust and ashes, will not believe that man is a fellow-brother, of the same origin, and travelling onward to eternity, but that the miserable are outcasts whom it is their duty to "put down" and abandon.

Dickens, whose sympathy for the poor is of the passionate kind, who is tender and merciful to the degraded, who ceases not to eloquently preach the doctrine of human brotherhood, now in melting pathos, now in withering scorn, now in bitter sarcasm, now in inimitable humour, always with powerful earnestness, who is ever enforcing the duty of love to our species, exposes, in the story of the "Chimes," what he considers to be the wrongs of the unassisted poor, the unjust sternness of that authority which thinks not of their awful temptations, and of their subjection to a preponderance of evil over good influences, and the sham, cruel benevolence which exists only on the tongue. "Let us," he virtually says, "have more merciful charities to the unfriended multitude around us. Let us *boast* less of our love for the degraded and poor, and *do* more for their moral and social advancement. Let us win them to good by generous sympathies and kindly deeds. Let us be more compassionate to their errors and sins, and treat them in their guilt as relations through our humanity. Let us endeavour to ennoble them by uniting their affections to our hearts, and by drawing out the latent goodness that dwells in every human soul. That is the noble lesson Dickens teaches intensely in the half-joyous, half-melancholy "Chimes."

Looking to the question discussed, the supernatural machinery, and the object of the stories, the "Christmas Carol" and the "Chimes" may appropriately be compared; and both abound with the best characteristics and faults of the author. They have several instances of bad taste; but the pages are full of life: they contain laboriously minute descriptions, but the humour is ever happy: they have several sentimental rhapsodies, but there is an elevating tendency in the books, and their lessons are large-hearted. Of course, these remarks apply equally to every one of Dickens's works, from "Pickwick" downwards; but, as the Christmas books belong to a different class of composition, they serve to show that these delightful pieces are marked by the same beauties and blemishes as the rest of his productions. The "Christmas Carol" is a tale of individual tyranny over honest hard-working poverty, of intensified hardened selfishness, of sordid worldliness that thinks of nothing but its cash box, that shuts itself up in its own narrow world, and refuses all intercourse with mankind, that knows not what kindness and charity mean, and that makes an interest-paying surplus at the bank its god. Old Scrooge is selfishness itself; so base that he would grind all human flesh to do him service—that he relentlessly forbids the least manifestations of humanity in his office—that he would crush all happiness out of the world, if he could, as being "humbug"—that he would mercilessly punish all who dared to laugh or showed symptoms of joy—that he would interdict all enjoyments, and send to the workhouse and the prison every wretched and miserable man, caring not for the unutterable woe thus caused—that he would agonize to death by tortuous labour all of low degree—that he would silence all merry voices and joyous songs, and make the earth a huge vast office and counting-house, with innumerable dusty files and ledgers, and darkened black windows to keep out the light of God's sun. He is so cold in his grasping covetousness that no keen frost is bitterer than he—that his heart can be melted by no tenderness however touching, by no suffering however terrible, by no misery however deep, by no pleadings however eloquent, by no prayer however fervent—that the passengers in the street shrink from him as they would seek shelter from a blighting wind—that no one ever speaks to him in words of friendliness—that he is steeled against all entreaties from without, and all emotion from within—that "even the blind men's dogs appear to know him; and when they see him coming on, tug their owners into doorways and up courts, and then wag their tails as though they said, 'no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!'" Such is Old Scrooge previous to his conversion by the spirits. He represents in the individual what the "Chimes" represent in society. He has that hardness and blackness of heart which are exhibited and effectively satirised in the "Chimes" as grinding Fern, Trotty Veck, and Meg. He is a bitter enemy to all the wretched, and would crush the poor to death by unequal, unmerciful laws to "decrease the surplus population." He is found again in the "Chimes" in the form of Mr Filer, who makes poverty a crime, and of the shrewd, affable

Alderman Cute, who is determined to put down want, and starvation, and distress, just as the heartless Scrooge would send the destitute to prison. Scrooge, in his exclusion from humanity, and his thick hard iciness, thinks he has no duty to attend to beyond his counting-house ; no fellow-creature to sympathize with, and no struggling toiler to help ; no misery to assuage, and no sorrow to console. Those good deeds are not his business, for, if misery cannot help itself it had better go to the workhouse and die. Cute, Filer, Bowley, & Co. are duplicates of Scrooge, under the guise of "respectability," for they have all come to the stern resolve to put down famine and hunger. Filer will do it by mathematical calculations, by demonstrations of facts and figures ; Alderman Cute will do it in the name of justice, and by bantering the common people, and talking to them "knowingly" in their own language ; Sir Joseph Bowley, the "friend and father of the poor," will do it in the name of philanthropy, for the security of society, and for a living example to others ; he will do it by counselling the poor man to entirely depend upon Sir Joseph Bowley, but to provide everything for himself, or, like poor Trotty, he will be denounced by, and expelled from, the sympathy of this very wise and benevolent baronet. Thus, in the "Carol," Scrooge possesses the same evils as the imperial personages in the "Chimes," has the same impenetrable heart of adamant, and precisely the same object.

The first quarter of this little book opens with a vivid and minute description of the bells. How solemn they appear to Trotty in their far-off solitariness ; how eloquent in their deep, strong melody ; how they always voice forth joyousness, and sing to him a thousand welcomes ; how they always bring to him happy thoughts and gladsome ; how their notes are always cheerful, and their lusty throats roar forth blessings on his aged head ; how he has listened to their chiming so constantly, that they seem to speak to him in a kindly human voice ; how full of sympathy is their loud music, and how they pity and encourage him. They are always talking to him merrily, these bells—laughing right sonorously—pouring pleasure into Trotty's heart. They are Trotty's best, most faithful friends ; and he has lived under them so long, and associated them with his thoughts and works so deeply, that he naturally looks to them for words of help, and thinks it impossible for them to speak wrongfully, or to be in league with any against him—the poor man. Ah ! what unutterable significance there is in bells ! They are united by a secret harmony to every human heart. They tell of the greatest human joy, and the profoundest human sorrow. Mirth sounds in their joyous peal ; woe in their melancholy knell. They make rich music over life, and solemn requiems over death. Frolic and gaiety are on their tongue to-day ; grief and mournfulness are their burden of to-morrow. With human life in all its phases they have to do : with its hearty laugh, and its unfailing tears ; with its sunny youth of delight, and its age of heavy care ; with its scenes of festivity, and of sadness ; with its heart of buoyant hope, and its grave of despair ; with its triumphant success, and its unhappy failure : they are ever one with

us, sounding forth our thoughts. Trotty always imagines that they tell him what he thinks, and, somehow, they go to the bottom of the man's honest, childish heart. He is a patient, thoughtful fellow—miserably clad, and exposed to many hardships of weather; but the kindly soul does not complain. One day, as he listens to the striking of the clock, he pulls out a newspaper (Trotty always read the papers), and that sends him into reflections upon the crimes and condition of the poor. He is at a loss to know what business his class have upon the earth, for "it seems as if we can't go right, or do right, or be righted." He is quite perplexed as to whether he has the right to have and enjoy the New Year; for the poor, according to the papers, are hardened beyond redemption. Just as he is coming to the conclusion that he really *is* intruding at nature's table, his merry little daughter comes upon him; and as he looks intensely at her bright dark eyes, radiant with buoyant, vigorous hope—"eyes that are beautiful and true"—he cannot but think "he has some business here—a little." The cheery, smiling Meg interrupts this strain of thought by telling him that she and Richard are going to be married on the New Year's Day. She unfolds so happily the coming joy, that the old man is full of emotion—in the production of which mental state, however, the dinner of tripe has a great deal to do. For she has brought him that dainty dish in joyous anticipation of the event; and the fun between father and daughter previous to the feast is delightfully told. Trotty sits upon the steps of a house, and while he is enjoying his tripe—acknowledged to be "the best tripe ever stewed"—two gentlemen come forth from the house, Alderman Cute and Mr. Filer. The Alderman is a sly, "knowing" fellow, up to everything, and not to be imposed upon by the sentimental talk about beggary, and so forth. He is "a plain man, and a practical man, and talks to the common people in their own way." Mr. Filer "is a low-spirited gentleman of middle age, of a meagre habit and a disconsolate face; who keeps his hands continually in the pockets of his scanty pepper-and-salt trousers—very large and dog's-eared from that custom." Mr. Filer immediately calculates, to the great discomfiture and sorrow of Trotty, that tripe is waste; and that he, Trotty, by eating it, is "starving a garrison of five hundred men," and that, therefore, "he is a robber." Trotty Veck again begins to think that he ought not to have been born. Cute, the plausible, easy, affable Alderman, takes up the matter, and assures Trotty (little does he think that his words contain the seeds of despair) that he has "always enough to eat, and of the best." The Alderman is determined to put down the nonsense talked about want, and the cant in vogue about starvation. What a world there is now in Trotty's bosom!—a world conflicting. What business has he to be born? What right has he to be on the earth, increasing the surplus population? What does he want with so expensive a commodity as tripe? He is robbing the widow and the orphan. The thought makes Trotty miserable, and his heart is drooping with despair. The Alderman turns to Meg and Richard, and banters them on the subject of their marriage. He tells

her that she will be a distressed wife, and he has made up his mind to put distressed wives down ; that she will have stockingless, shoeless children, whom he must put down ; that perhaps she will starve or commit suicide, and starvation and suicide he must resolutely put down. Ah ! you hard-hearted Alderman, what immeasurable woe you are causing that loving heart ! What tears you are bringing to those beautiful eyes ! What hope you are crushing in that bosom ! What sympathies you are breaking in that tender soul ! What of good you are shutting out, and what of evil you are bringing in ! What of heaven you are killing, and what of hell begetting ! What of sin and crime can and may generate from your unfeeling harshness ! Beware ! the seeds of evil lie in your biting words, and may develope into deadly poisonous fruit.

The happiness of the party is blighted. Meg goes away weeping her heart's misery ; Richard full of sorrow and gloom ; and Trotty receives a letter from the Alderman to take to its address. The tone of the bells is changed now, and it corresponds to the mental condition of Trotty Veek. Cute and Filer have stepped in since the bells rang out "dinner time ;" and now he thinks their notes are sad and reproachful. "There's not a word of all that fancy in it. Why should there be ? I have no business with the New Year, nor with the old one either. *Let me die !*" And then the bells peal forth, "Put 'em down ! put 'em down !"

The second quarter finds Trotty in the same desponding state. He is taking the letter to Sir Joseph Bowley, M.P. Sir Joseph likes to talk "profound," and considers himself the friend and father of the poor : it is so ordained ; it is in the nature of things. The poor men constitute his particular business, and no one has the right to interfere between the two. He legislates for them ; he thinks for them ; he knows what is good for them ; he is their perpetual parent. They are not to swill, and guzzle, and associate their enjoyments, brutally, with food, but to feel the dignity of labour—to go forth erect into the cheerful air—and *stop there*. They are to depend entirely upon Sir Joseph ; "to live hard and temperately, be respectful, exercise their self-denial, bring up their family on next to nothing, pay their rent as regularly as the clock strikes, be punctual in their dealings, and they may trust to me to be their friend and father." Trotty's heart lightens as he listens to the deep observations of the Baronet ; hope revives, and he looks for a little sympathy. But Sir Joseph has a catalogue of sins against Trotty's class, the blackest and basest of which is ingratitude. Add this, thinks Trotty, to my list, and what a vile, wretched sinner I must be ! I am in the road here ; Sir Joseph Bowley befriends me, and I repay him with insubordination and black ingratitude ! And his heart sinks lower still within him as Sir Joseph accuses him of improvidence, because he is not able to balance his accounts on New Year's Day. He goes from the house more than ever convinced that his order have no business on the earth.

The letter is from Alderman Cute respecting a "turbulent and rebellious" Will Fern, who is not in the least reformed by Sir Joseph's philanthropy, and whom Cute is desirous of putting down. Returning with the answer, Toby meets Fern himself, and hears the poor man's sorrowful tale:—"For myself, master, I never took with that hand," holding it before him, "what wasn't my own; and never held it back from work, however hard or poorly paid. Whoever can deny it let him chop it off. But when work won't maintain me like a human creature; when my living is so bad that I am hungry, out of doors and in; when I see a whole working life begun that way, go on that way, and end that way, without a chance or change, then I say to the gentlefolk, 'Keep away from me! Let my cottage be. *My doors is dark enough without your darkening of 'em more.* Don't look for me to come up into the Park to help the show when there's a birthday or a fine speech-making, or what not. Act your plays and games without me, and be welcome to 'em, and enjoy 'em. We've none to do with one another. *I'm best let alone!*'" The two men's hearts are knit together, sympathizing with each other's woes. Toby takes Fern to his home, and spends the only sixpence to give the tired man something to eat. It is a beautiful, touching picture—this of poverty cheerfully denying itself to comfort an outcast member of its family with what fare it can provide. It is full of quiet, unaffected pathos, and as true as tender. Night coming on Toby is left alone, and he pulls out the newspaper, and goes into his former strain of thinking. The poor old man, so happy just now with his visitor, is again doing battle in his soul; and again the Cute and Filer party triumph over his better thoughts. He is bad at heart, born bad, and has no business on the earth. "It's too true, all I've heard to-day; too just, too full of proof. We're bad!" The Chimes peal forth now so loud, and clear, and sonorous that they startle him in his chair. They call him to go to them, and he gropes his way up the narrow disagreeable staircase, until he comes among the bells, and then he looks about him vacantly, and sinks down in a swoon.

The third quarter opens with the Goblin Sight. Innumerable spirits of the bells are round about him, leaping, flying from the bells, above him in the air, round him on the ground, looking down upon him from the beams. The description of these "elfin creatures" is inimitable; so vivid that you follow them in their gambollings, that you fly with them in imagination over the world, and assist in executing their punishment, and meting out their rewards. At length the Goblin of the Great Bell speaks to Toby, enumerates the wrongs he has done the bells when he thought they echoed the putters down of crushed and broken natures. The spirit of the Chimes' companions lives abroad, to show him how much goodness still remains in the heart of the poor and wretched—how the germs of nobleness lie within them—and how their inheritance is still preserved for them amidst all their moral deformity. He sees his

daughter, after a supposed lapse of nine years, working in a poor mean room with Lilian by her side. The bloom has faded from her cheek ; the once bright eye has lost its clear, calm lustre ; hope has left her heart, and scarcely knows her any more. There is no sunshine now, but clouds and twilight—presently, black darkness. See what misery, what grinding toil, what hopelessness of spirit, what despair, the Cate and Filer party has brought her to ! He sees what the friend and father of the poor *is* in reality ; that the shrewd Alderman is a mean, crawling, time-serving soul ; he hears Will Fern sternly rebuke them for their injustice with honest, naked truth, uttered in the eloquence of scathing indignation. He hears Fern tell them how they lay wait for criminals, how the laws keep their homes poor, and themselves down-trodden and uncared for, how they haunt and follow him with a thousand temptations. We ask, is this solemn accusation true ? And too often from our prisons comes the lamentable answer of want huddled together, and punished as though it were crime ; too often “justice’s justice” testifies too strongly to admit of denial.

Some years have passed, and Trotty again sees his daughter, but more abject than before ; in a poorer, meaner garret ; at more exhausting cruel labour ; with no Lilian by her side. She has fallen—oh, so low ! Unutterable sin has withered away this beautiful life. Easy Aldermen Cutes, and stolid Mr Filers, think of this ! Look upon that life some years ago, so beautiful, so hopeful, so pure. Look upon it now—now that you have pierced its heart with your “facts and figures,” and “put ’em down”—so miserable, so degraded, so helpless. Toby sees Richard also, staggering into Meg’s mean room, a slouching, moody, drunken sloven, wasted by intemperance and vice. He brings news of Lilian, who one day reels into Meg’s miserable room, and dies, mercifully sobbingly, praying to be forgiven. I will not say anything about these sad passages, this lovely tenderness, these merciful thoughts, these dismal strains that thrill the heart. They draw from us warmest tears, and gentlest sympathy and compassion for human sin and sorrow.

The Fourth Quarter reveals to us that Richard has become a drinking, idling, beggarly fellow since the “gentlemen frightened him.” Then he is abandoned to his vices, which grow so thick upon him that he cannot throw them off easily. To keep him from utter destitution, and to try to save him from eternal ruin, Meg marries him—an awful, woeful lot. But it is too late. Her prayers avail not ; her uncomplaining love is lost upon him. He returns to his old vices, and dies amidst them. Now a wretched haggard woman, with a sickly infant at her breast, she wanders up and down, night and day, languishing away in dire and pining want. It is a terrible story of deep despair and sublime patience. The Spirits of the Bells speak to Trotty unceasingly—“Follow her ! to desperation !” From her miserable abode, whence she is heartlessly expelled, through an

abject crowd of beggary and pauperism, down into the abysses of want, he follows her, guided by the Spirit of the Bell. Fast in the clutches of despair, with no human hand to help, and no human heart to pity, she resolves to destroy herself and her child. Who can tell the agony of that broken spirit? Who can cool the burning of that brain on fire? Who can stay the execution of that purpose, so fierce, so terrible? Who can stop those desperate footsteps? Hasten, O Spirits, to save her on this portal of Eternity! She pauses a moment on the brink of the river; and during that awful pause Trotty cries, "I have learnt it! O have mercy on me in this hour, if, in my love for her, so young and so good, I slandered Nature in the breasts of mothers rendered desperate! Pity my presumption, wickedness, and ignorance, and save her!" "I know that our inheritance is held in store for us by Time. I know there is a sea of Time to rise one day, before which all who wrong us or oppress us will be swept away like leaves. I see it on the flow! "I know that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves, nor doubt the good in one another. I have learnt it from the creature dearest to my heart. I clasp her in my arms again. O Spirits, merciful and good, I take your lesson to my breast along with her! O Spirits, merciful and good, I am grateful!"

Such is the tragic dream of what Meg *might have been*, and what thousands of her fellow-beings *are*.

Is it all a dream? Is it the creation of a fervid imagination to which life does not correspond? Is it a slander upon the Alderman Cutes and Sir Joseph Bowleys? Is it a one-sided picture of the wrongs done to the poor? Simple Trotty hoped so. But he read in a paper of a woman who attempted her own life and that of her child. Who knows how much suffering she had endured? or by what steps she had gradually come to commit a crime so terrible? That woman's case, in all its ghastliness and horror, in all its inhumanity, is one of a thousand. The dream is revoltingly true. Suicide shrieks it in despair, destitution speaks of it in tones of tragic mournfulness, madness corroborates it, the unpitied poor witness to it in that awful final desperation which drives them "anywhere, anywhere out of the world." It is a sad, stern reality—a reality which we are all constantly meeting with in our common experience. A painful reality (but none the less true) because it is an exhibition of human sin and sorrow, and of the evil to which oppression leads. A reality, finally, which God, and mercy, and humanity call upon us to combat and lessen, to soften by genial sympathies, to counteract and overturn by "bringing a little human love to mend the world."

THE ORIGIN OF EVERGREEN TREES.

A SONG.

BY H. KAINS JACKSON.

NEVER bird in the air,
Never bird on the bough,
Before sang the sweet sounds,
I listen to now !
The voice is in heaven,
Yet reaches below,
And the song is the sweetest,
Life ever can know !

And see, like an answer,
To earth brought by prayer,
The Bird that sang, sightless,
Drops down thro' the air,
Whilst sweeter, still sweeter,
Its clear song rings out,
Like Truth crowning bright hopes,
'Twere sweet e'en to doubt,

We then made a bargain,
The sweet Bird and I ;
He, should sing on for ever,
His song of the sky ;
And I, in my garden,
Should keep *green* his Tree,
Whilst I, aye should listen,
And he, sing to me.

L'ENVOI.

The heart is the green TREE,
The sweet BIRD is Love,
To bless life, and cheer it,
That comes from above,
The Bird keeps his bargain,
True heart ! but keep thine,
And through all life's discord,
Runs music divine.

PARTY NAMES.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

It is curious to observe the different modes in which the names of parties have originated. Sometimes they have been assumed by themselves; sometimes imposed by their adversaries; and sometimes, again, they have arisen from some trifling accident. The name of Tory is said to be derived from an Irish word, and to signify a bandit; being applied first to the scattered adherents of King James who infested the country with a kind of guerilla warfare. Whig, again, which is the Scotch pronunciation of Whey, was first applied to the persecuted and scattered Covenanters, who subsisted partly on the whey or skimmed milk which they procured at retired farmhouses. At present the parties which used to be designated as Tories and Whigs, are oftener called Conservatives and Reformers.

The name of Gueux, or beggars, originally given in contempt to the advocates of the popular rights in the Netherlands, was afterwards adopted by themselves. And the like took place with respect to the name of Sans Culottes as applied to the French Republicans. The Jacobins are said to have been so called from their originally assembling in the building of a monastery formerly belonging to an order of monks called Jacobins. A large proportion of the names of parties, both religious and political, have been taken from those of their leaders. As in Paul's time the parties in the Church of Corinth took their names from Paul and Peter and Apollos, so in later times we hear of Arians and Athanasians, Lutherans, Calvinists and Arminians, Wesleyans and Whitfieldians, etc.: and among political parties we have Jacobites, Pittites, and Foxites, etc.

Many names of parties, again, are what Jeremy Bentham calls "*question-begging appellatives*;" that is, words which imply condemnation or approbation. Thus, in our civil war, the name of Rebels applied to the one party, and that of Malignants to the other, amounts in each case to a sentence of condemnation. One of the most remarkable of these appellatives is the term Catholic, as applied to the members of the Church of Rome. As the word signifies *universal*, it implies that their church comprehends all Christians, including those that they call heretics or schismatics. For, these terms imply that they are Christians; since Jews and Pagans are never so designated. Now, if Protestants and members of the Greek Church are properly *subjects*, though *rebellious subjects*—*children*, though *undutiful children*—of the Church of Rome, then there is an end of the boast of unity of doctrine and exemption from error. For to say that all sound and loyal members of the Church admit its doctrines and submit

to its sway, is merely to say that all agree except those who disagree, and that all submit to it except those who refuse submission. If, on the contrary, all these are *not* members of the Church of Rome, it cannot be *universal*. It may indeed *claim* universal dominion ; but that is a very different thing from possessing it. The two pretensions therefore to *universality* and to *unity* are evidently incompatible with each other.

The name of Papists, however, the Romanists object to, alleging that it is a term of reproach ; which it certainly is not. It denotes nothing which they deny, but merely adherence to the Pope, which they acknowledge. To call a *Protestant* a Papist would indeed be a term of reproach, because it denotes adherence to the Pope, which he rejects. So also the name of Mahometan would be a reproach if applied to a Christian, but not when applied to a Mahometan ; for a term of reproach is one that denotes something which is denied and thought wrong by the person to whom it is applied. The word Mahometan does not signify a follower of a false Prophet, or of a true Prophet, but simply a follower of Mahomet. So also Papist does not imply submission to a usurped authority, or to a rightful authority, but simply adherence to the Pope. Some, however, seem to forget that several persons may use the same word in the same sense, though they differ widely in their opinions concerning the *things signified* by the word. Thus a royalist and a democrat may be fully agreed in the sense in which they use the words royalty and democracy, though each detests that which the other approves. Our forefathers considered the sun as a body that moves round the earth, and we as a body round which the earth moves ; but the word sun does not imply either the one or the other ; and we and they both use the word in the same sense.

A remarkable instance of those question-begging appellatives is afforded by the Sect who reject infant-baptism, and therefore should in strictness be called by the cumbrous title of Antipædo Baptists, but who are called by some Anabaptists and by others Baptists ; the former title implying condemnation, and the latter approval. The one implies that they baptize a *second* time a man who joins their communion ; which they deny ; since they hold his baptism as an infant to be null and void : the other implies that they alone administer valid baptism ; which of course their opponents deny.

The ancient Gnostics applied to themselves a laudatory title denoting that they alone knew the Gospel ; which knowledge, they taught, exempted them from all moral obligation.

The title of Orthodox, again, as applied to a party, is one of those appellatives, since it signifies those who hold the right faith, and thus implies a censure on all who differ from them. The same may be said of the title of Evangelical as applied to a party, since it implies that none who do not agree with them adhere to the Gospel. Yet it is remarkable that when the party calling itself the Evangelical Alliance required subscriptions to certain doctrines, and refused admission to those who would not subscribe to these, they vehemently denied any intention of denying

them the title of *Christians*. Yet surely the two terms "evangelical" and "christian" are in truth exactly equivalent. Each denotes the reception of the *Gospel (evangelium)* of Jesus Christ. It is true there may be various degrees of evangelical religion. A man may be less or more completely a Christian. But just so far as he is a Christian, he must be evangelical. To inquire concerning any Christian whether he is evangelical, seems like inquiring concerning a *man* whether he is *human*.

There is a Sect in the United States who call themselves simply Christians, and refuse any other distinguishing appellation; but these if they admit that any who do not belong to their sect can be rightly called Christians must be forgetting the very use of any distinctive appellation: which is to distinguish one thing from another. It should not be forgotten that Paul censures, along with the other parties of Corinth, those who said "I am of Christ," using this as a party designation to distinguish them from others who equally with themselves acknowledge Christ. He would doubtless have censured in like manner any party who should have arrogantly assumed the title of Jesuits, as if they alone were properly followers of the Lord Jesus.

Still more objectionable is the title of Bible-Christians, assumed by a Sect whose rule is to abstain from the flesh of animals, the use of which is expressly sanctioned by the Bible. It is remarkable, however, that they admit into their cookery the use of *isinglass*, which it is to be supposed they consider as a vegetable, like the Irish gentleman who reported that anchovies grew on trees. Some of them, however, call themselves Vegetarians, which is an unobjectionable title. The Quakers, again, who were so called from their quaking or trembling when they speak, call themselves Friends; which evidently implies that they consider themselves as more friends to the human race, or to each other, than other people.

Sometimes, however, it happens that a favourable title will be acquired by some party without any arrogant assumption of it by themselves. For sometimes a name which implies nothing discreditable but rather the contrary, such as Puritans or Saints, is applied to some party by their opponents in scornful irony. And then no one can wonder or complain if the others take advantage of this, and gladly accept and adopt the title bestowed on them by adversaries. Persons who thus undesignedly benefit those whom they had intended to damage, may remind one of the apes described in one of the voyages of Sinbad the Sailor. These apes inhabited the tops of lofty cocoa-nut trees; and when pelted with stones showed their resentment by pelting their assailants in return with cocoanuts; thus supplying them with the fruit they could not have reached. This is perhaps the case with the name of Rationalists, as applied to a certain German school of theologians, who freely exercise their *reason*, such as it is, on subjects quite beyond the reach of human reason. Certain it is that the title, whether originally devised by themselves or by opponents, is likely to convey the notion that they alone take a *rational* view of all subjects and are alone to be accounted properly, rational Beings.

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

BY W. W. KNOLLYS.

I DREAMED one night that I was dead, and that my spirit, disengaged from my body, was able to float through the air at will. To my great surprise I found I could perceive many things, which, during life, had been invisible. My comprehension also seemed wonderfully enlarged. The inhabitants of the earth, among whom I recognised many friends and acquaintances, were going about their pursuits as usual; but in my disembodied state I could discern their objects, and appreciate the results in a manner which filled me with astonishment. During life I had never been much given to reflection, and had fancied that this person was seeking amusement, *that* military glory, *this* popularity, *that* riches, *this* power, *that* the gratification of his appetites. I now understood things better, and saw that what I had imagined to have been the end, was only the means. I could perceive that all in different ways were seeking for a little flower, a violet, on the leaves of which was written in minute letters, "Happiness." They were most diligent in the search, yet, curiously enough, though I saw the flower growing in every direction, few succeeded in finding it. The reason soon became apparent. Intermixed with the true flower were many counterfeits of far greater beauty. These, it required great sagacity, or the test of time, to discover.

I was seized with a strong curiosity to learn more of this strange matter. With that object, I determined to watch the career of some of the seekers.

The first person to whose fortunes I attached myself, was a soldier. I saw him with eager look and flashing eye leading a gallant band through a storm of shot and shell up the hardly-contested breach. Success crowned his efforts, and after planting a standard on the summit he stooped down to gather from the blood-stained ruins a flower, which, to all appearance, was the violet "Happiness." This man, I said to myself, has attained his wish; so beautiful and bright a flower cannot be otherwise than genuine. A few days sufficed to show me my mistake. I saw the clouds of envy gathering on the hero's brow as he learnt how others had been rewarded for his achievements, and the lines of pain deepening round his mouth as he lowered over a letter he had that day received from home. A glance at the violet showed me that it was already withered.

Leaving the soldier, I next determined to follow the fortunes of a clergyman. He also thought to gain the prize through an ambition, which, though different from, was no less absorbing than, that of the soldier. Early and late did he labour. The days he spent in courting the

great, the nights he devoted to authorship. He longed, how eagerly did he long, to obtain the flower, and thought that, let who might miss it, *he* could not fail of finding it in the lawn sleeves of a bishop. At length, after years spent in striving and struggling, hoping and dreaming, the goal was won, and he was created a bishop. No sooner did his nomination take place, than, with a heart beating from anxiety, he plunged his hand into the lawn sleeves. To his delight he drew out the violet. Such a beautiful colour, so sweet a smell, he thought no one had ever possessed so fair a flower. Indeed, it seemed to be the true talisman, the real emblem of future happiness. For a short time his paradise continued in all its perfection. It was so pleasant to see his nomination announced in the papers, and to read that "the appointment of so excellent and learned a divine has given universal satisfaction." The title of "My Lord," also, was very grateful to the ear, and he was by no means loth to create opportunities for people thus to address him. Then the handsome house, and the large income, were both advantages of the most unquestionable nature. To be asked for appointments, to be treated with deference, and to be reminded a dozen times a day how important was his patronage and good opinion, was very pleasant. During all the early days of this agreeable excitement, the violet still preserved its freshness, its beauty, and its scent. As the bishop looked at it, which he did continually, he could not help exclaiming, "You beautiful thing; yes, there is no doubt about it, you must be the true flower." After a short time it began to show slight symptoms of decay; but the bishop would not allow himself to perceive them, and only the more strongly, and, as it were, combatively repeated, "It is, it must be, it cannot but be the true flower." For all this I could discover that it was rapidly becoming more and more withered. The bishop began to feel nauseated by being my-lorded, toadied, and deferentially asked to be patron to institutions. The thorns began to take the place of the blossoms of an exalted position. The large income was sadly diminished by perpetual demands on it, which he could only refuse at the risk of obloquy, and its being hinted that he was but a steward of his riches. A terrible inroad, too, was made on his purse by the expenses of a prosecution against an offending clergyman, who, moreover, got off scot free. The difficulty of steering a middle course between the two contending parties, in the Church, caused him no slight annoyance. Where he took the greatest pains to please as many as possible of that terrible tyrant the public,—to the ambitious man, the public is, in a free country, the most terrible of tyrants,—he found that he displeased every one. He now began to realize, that in these days the delights of power, and the luxuries of greatness, are ever accompanied by a burdensome responsibility, and unceasing labour. Moreover, he had so anticipated in thought the pleasures of being a bishop, that, like the heir who raises money by post obits, he had on obtaining his desire but slight enjoyment of it: anticipation had swallowed up reality. The fruit, when plucked, was found not to be without thorns. He had pro-

misled himself so much happiness, that what was within his grasp seemed worthless, because not equal to what he had expected.

Full of these sad thoughts, he one day drew out the violet, in the hope, which he could not conceal from himself was but faint, of rejoicing his eyes with the sight of its beauty. He cast one glance at it, and with saddened heart perceived that the flower was no longer that which had once seemed so beautiful to him. His eyes were now opened, the illusion had vanished, and he saw plainly that what he held in his hand was but a worthless weed.

Hurrying from the painful sight, of disappointed hopes, and remorse for a wasted life, I met another searcher, whose bright, joyous face seduced me into accompanying him. He was a youth just setting out on the path of life, and possessed every worldly advantage a man could desire. Beauty of person, health, rank, talent, riches, and friends—all were his. With such gifts, it seemed impossible that he should fail in obtaining the violet. So also thought the youth himself, for he set about the search for the precious flower with a confident earnestness which almost promised success. As might be imagined, he was cordially welcomed by the crowd of other seekers, who all eagerly proffered their aid. His more sober companions advised him first to travel, and see the world, and then to aspire to political honours; others, younger and more thoughtless, said: "Amuse yourself; youth is the season of pleasure: what can political honours do for a man of your fortune and position? Enjoy the present, by this means you will surely find the violet." Others again—but these were few, and their words seemed but the mumblings of gloom and disappointment—told him that this world's wisdom would avail him nothing; that the true flower could not thus be secured; that only one guide existed whose directions never failed. With the buoyant self-confidence of youth, he scorned the counsels of the first; and though he listened for a moment to the last, their words were as far-off echoes, so little reality did they possess for him. "To-day I will pluck the violet," said he to himself; "It lies at my feet; they are but fools who would labour for that which is to be got without toil." Through every pleasant path did he now saunter, ever in anticipation, seeing the prize within his grasp. He first tried the polished amusements of society, and was received by the votaries of fashion with open arms. His life was a perfect whirl; existence seemed too short to exhaust all the delights thus opened to him. In each of these he sought for the violet, and in each he saw what seemed to be the object of his desire. No sooner, however, was that flower plucked than it withered away. Undeterred by failure, he tried to find it in the haunts of vice and dissipation. Here, again, he thought he had succeeded. In the gambling-house he saw it, as he fancied, lying beneath the winner's card. Only during a few moments of anticipation did that belief last, for, even as he plucked it, the violet turned into a bunch of thorns, which penetrated his hand, and caused him to groan inwardly with anguish. The paid smiles of profligate beauty indicated a flower, which at first looked wondrously genuine.

Love without remorse, without cares, without ties, without responsibilities—"Eureka, I have found it at last," he exclaimed. Then he placed the gaudy violet carefully in his bosom, and told himself he was happy. The delusion did not endure. More quickly than those he had first tried did this decay. Worse than them; not only did it sicken him with itself, but even after he threw it away a sickening, putrid smell was left behind, which rendered every rational pleasure distasteful. The bottle stood him in no better stead: whilst under its influence, he held a flower in his hand which excelled in beauty any he had yet seen. As soon, however, as he ceased to be under its power, his eyesight returned to him, and behold, it was but a poisonous weed which he grasped. Abhor it as he might; swear as often as he would to cast it away, he could not. He found he was a slave; and at last, even while he was using the talisman which had brought it to him, the flower ceased to deceive. Health of body and ease of mind had fled from him for ever. Curiously enough, remorse gave him a clear-sightedness of which he had hitherto been incapable. He could now see plainly the real violets, which indeed grew in abundance on every side; but, at the same time, to look at them caused the greatest anguish. He positively turned away with loathing. The wisdom which only the disembodied possess enabled me to understand that remorse—the thought of profitless experience is one of the greatest punishments suffered by the wicked. I could also perceive that the horror caused by the sight of the real, was produced by the noxious influence of the false, violet, so long cherished by him; and which had not only failed to bring happiness, but rendered him incapable of appreciating that to be obtained by the former.

Saddened by the painful spectacle presented by the so-called man of pleasure—for spirits, though they have no griefs of their own, can yet feel for the misery of those on earth—I determined to avoid for the future large cities, and betake myself to the purer moral atmosphere of the country.

I had not gone far before I saw a wedding party leaving the church. The bride was young, lovely, accomplished, and displayed a countenance eloquent with every virtue. The bridegroom was a man in the prime of youth, and his features bore the impress of high and noble qualities. He had been a soldier, and seen much of the world in every quarter of the globe. On the death of a cousin, who had left him an estate, he had settled down in the country, passing his time between the cares of his property, the duties of a magistrate, and the perusal of an excellent collection of books. He needed, so he thought, but a good wife to make his lot perfect. That crown he had now found, and in the fullness of his heart felt certain the bridal wreath contained the violet. Alas! nearly as it resembled the true flower, it was it not. For a few years its beauty and perfume remained unimpaired. Children were born to him, his wife was everything he could desire, and his affairs prospered. At length, however, trouble assailed him. Some of his children died, his wife became

an habitual invalid, bad years caused his rents to come in irregularly, and to crown all a bank, in which he possessed many shares, failed. The violet began gradually to fade away, and though unlike the others it did not become putrid, yet it withered and lost every charm which had hitherto delighted him. He found that he had after all, and in spite of promising appearances, gathered a false flower. Happily for him the clergyman of the parish was a good man. In the troubles which now threatened to overtake his friend, he came to his aid, and first opening his eyes to the mistakes of his life, he directed him to the true means of discovering the violet, and testing its reality. Applying to his eyes the sight-giving medicine, heavenly wisdom, he taught him how to prove, by God's word, the different flowers which lay around him. Thus provided, the stricken man set out on his search anew, and soon was he rewarded. Underneath his very feet, so plainly visible that he marvelled that he had not before seen it, he discovered a little modest flower, which bore on its petals in distinct letters the words happiness, and affixed to it, in characters so minute, that they could at first be scarcely discerned, but which seemed to grow more plain the longer he gazed, the sentence, "is to be found only in God." The wisdom with which a perusal of the Book of Books had endowed him, enabled him to discover that at last he had found what hitherto he had wasted his life in vainly seeking for. It was the true violet, and eagerly he plucked it. Daily the flower grew in brightness and beauty, and he began to feel deep astonishment at his former mistakes. Peace now returned to his breast, happiness was a permanent guest at his table. Worldly matters did not, it is true, much improve, but such crosses had now no power to disturb him. Afflictions viewed aright became blessings, and even where these were hard to be seen through the mist of sorrow, the aid of the Holy Spirit enabled him to bear what was present, and the hope of Christ to look forward to a brighter future. While gazing with joy at the happy change, I awoke, and behold it was a dream!

WOMAN IN DAILY LIFE: OR SHADOWS ON EVERY HILL-SIDE.

BY MRS. HARRIET M. CAREY.

(Continued from Page 153.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ARRIVAL.

"Then potent with the spell of Heaven,
Go and thine erring brother gain,
Entice him home to be forgiven,
Till he too see the Saviour plain."

KEBLE.

VIOLET tried not to excite herself; she gathered fresh flowers, looked at the room she destined to Julia, moved in an easier chair, and removed her favourite print of Vandyke's Crucifixion because there was such prominence in it given to the Magdalen and it might be painful to Julia's feelings. Then she sat down to write some letters and got so occupied that she did not hear the sounds of carriage wheels, till Frank ran into the room.

"They are come—*she* has come; poor thing, she seems so overcome, so ashamed. Come to her, Violet."

Violet sprung up; in two minutes she was in the passage, her arms flung round Julia, and a warm embrace bestowed upon her: she led her into her own room, she unloosened her wraps, and then burst forth all Julia's shame and anguish in one wild bitter fit of sobbing grief. Violet soothed her; kissed her fondly; petted her as she had not been petted for many a day; made her lie on the sofa and brought her a cup of tea, and then left her to repose.

"Violet, I want you," said Frank; "come into the garden with me." Violet's arm was soon in his. "Ned has told me something that materially alters the case—Julia *never* was Lord Snelgrove's wife, the marriage was illegal."

"But how, why, what made it so?" burst from Violet. "Then it will all come right, and they'll be cleared," continued she exultingly.

"No, that's the sad part of it; there's some reason—something I believe to do with Colonel Vere—which makes it impossible to bring forward any defence, though Ned holds in his own possession clear proof that the marriage was a false one."

"But surely," said Violet, "she will not plead guilty to such a fearful accusation, knowing herself to be innocent; nothing can justify that."

Oh ! Frank, will you not impress it *very* strongly upon Ned that neither regard for Colonel Vere, or any one, must hinder their vindication of themselves ; they owe it to their own honour, to those that have gone before them, and to those that may come after them. What woman of any delicacy could bear that a false stain should rest upon her character ?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Conyers, “you may depend upon it, I shall use what influence I have with Ned to induce them to bring forward this impediment to the marriage whatever it may be. But, in the meantime, don’t you see how it alters the case ? We can no longer endeavour to separate Julia and Ned ; she will be his wife in the sight of Heaven ; and though we may, under present circumstances, regret the connection for Ned, still we must not dare to put them asunder. And oh ! Violet, you can’t think how faithfully she has nursed him through this illness, from which he is just recovering. Ned says she really saved his life, and poor thing she was treated shamefully by Snelgrove, that’s certain ; he struck her and actually killed her beautiful pet horse. One thing she is obstinate in, she won’t leave Ned or suffer him to leave her ; she says it would kill her to part from him, she is quite wrapt up in him and that makes it awkward for us.”

Frank and Violet talked long ; to what conclusion they came will be evident to my readers if they will have a moment’s patience.

It was evening, and the soft light of the setting sun shone full into Violet’s dressing-room, when she entered it with Julia, and then quietly and hastily summoned Frank and Ned. The door was locked and the four retreated into the inner bed-room that no sound of voices might reach the outer world : they knelt—Frank and Violet at one end of the table, Ned and Julia at the other—all engaged in silent prayer ; then Frank spoke and prayed humbly and fervently to Heaven to pardon their past sins and errors and to bless their future union. He then rose and made Ned solemnly vow, in her presence and Violet’s, that when the law permitted he would make Julia his lawful wife ; and Julia pledged herself in sacred betrothal to Ned.

“And now, Ned,” said Frank, “this is the resolution we have come to. You leave us to-night, my dear brother. Julia remains under the shelter of our roof, till the law permits you to receive her hand from me in our Church. She may bear her mother’s maiden name of Grey, and pass for an orphan whose friends are residing abroad ; so there need be no curiosity excited among the servants. We shall live very quietly and see no one if we can avoid it while she is with us ; and I hope soon all need of concealment or subterfuge will be over, and you will clear yourselves by taking the only true and honourable course left you and telling the truth, the whole truth, come what will from it.”

Ned fervently, ardently thanked his brother, wrung his hand in almost speechless gratitude, and grasped Violet’s with an almost painful warmth ; but Julia looked moody, vexed, irritated. Why were they to

interfere between her and Ned, to part them one from another, to exercise authority over them : it was unbearable. She wouldn't hear of parting ; if Ned left her, he might leave her for ever ; *she* didn't care, if *he* didn't. She was pathetic, she was violent by turns. "Ned had never really loved her, she saw it now, he did not know how *she* loved *him*." Poor Ned was quite perplexed and distressed ; but, supported by his brother and Violet, and his own sense of right, he persevered. He called her by every loving name, he told her how he should miss her—how lonely and wretched his home would be without her—how he should count the days till they met again ; but he remained steadfast in leaving her : he reminded her of their sin and that they must patiently bear the consequences ; then melting, he clasped her in his arms and said it would be but for a little time, a very little time, and that they were in honour bound to obey Frank's wishes, kind as he had been to them ; and painful as it was, he tore himself away from her and commended her, all bitterly weeping as she was, to Violet's tenderest care, and left her. Poor Ned, he tried to do what was right ! he would have made any sacrifices !

I have told you over and over again how impetuous and ill regulated all Julia's feelings were, and to comfort her was indeed a hard and toilsome task for Violet. In vain she tried kind and affectionate caresses : Julia turned from her in sullen silence. In vain she tried to convince her reason of the necessity and the propriety of this separation : Julia was violently, jealously indignant at any interference. Violet would draw bright pictures of a speedy and sanctified re-union : Julia would fling over them the obliterating cold water of the waves of temper. Violet tried to amuse her in other ways, by reading pleasant books, taking pretty drives, agreeable walks,—all to no purpose ; Ned Julia wanted, and Ned Julia would have. Then Violet tried serious expostulation ; she told her how selfish it was to refuse to suffer awhile, a *short* while, for Ned's sake. She reminded her how far better a quiet marriage from under his brother's roof would be for their future happiness, and that she *must* acknowledge her returning to Ned without that ceremony would be wrong and sinful : Violet made not the least impression. Julia even shocked her sometimes in her passionate replies, by declaring she considered herself Ned's wife already, and no marriage ceremony was of importance in her eyes. Frank lent her good books—argued in his turn with her, but all in vain. She despatched letter after letter—upbraiding, reproaching, entreating, supplicating—saying she was wretched, miserable, and he who had pledged himself to watch over her, had left her in misery. She even set the electric telegraph to work, and it flashed away message after message of grim despair ; she seemed quite to hate Violet, to mistrust Frank, and to wish Ned to dislike them too. Sometimes Violet felt quite vexed and angry with her, but she tried to make excuses for her, and to feel how much trouble and suffering the poor thing had to make her irritable, and to bear it patiently thankful that she had not the same heavy load on her shoulders. Julia, Ned's affectionate tender nurse, was a very different

person from Julia, sullen and moody, in Trentville Rectory, happy in the service of those she loved, she was kindness and goodness itself; but thwart her, and I don't envy her companions! Sometimes hours would pass without her speaking to Violet. But Julia had a good heart after all: her passions were too strong for her, and she had never learnt to control them; but I verily believe that all the time she was worrying and grieving Frank and Violet nearly out of their wits, she yet, in her innermost soul, loved them dearly, and would have made very heavy sacrifices to save them one care, or one trouble. Letter after letter sped its impassioned way to Ned. She *implored* him to let her return—complained grievously of her position—said he owed it to her to remain with her,—the very world would call shame upon him if he left her; in fact, she so wrought upon Ned at last, that he wrote to desire Frank would bring her to meet him at a station twelve miles from Trentville, and he would join her there, never more to separate. Now Julia was happy at last. She would not listen to a dissuading word. Go she *would*, and go she *did*, in spite of all their arguments and entreaties; and they felt bitterly how fruitless it was to try and make this child of impulse hear reason.

"Don't grieve, Violet," said Frank. "You have done more than your duty by them both. We cannot help it. They are cutting their own throats, and standing in their own light; but that is not our fault. Don't fret any more about it."

The day before she left Trentville was, however, pregnant with a fresh annoyance for poor Violet. Most happily, as Violet thought, they had had no visitors since Ned and Julia had been with them; but this day a phaeton belonging to one of the most commonplace of the neighbouring *personality* was seen making its way slowly up the gravel sweep, with its freight of accompanying children. Out got the little fidgetty mamma—down got the good-humoured ordinary papa—out tumbled Tommy, with his fiery red hair and freckled face—followed in quick succession by Jane, who tore her skirt in her descent—Tom, who was on the perpetual inane grin—Margaret-Jemima, so fat she could hardly waddle—and William, that sententious philosopher in petticoats, who was perpetually taking his sisters to order, in his broken, imperfect speech, with a "Well, now, Louli, don't you know you ought to like to give your toys to Tommy. You ought now; and you're welly wicked if you don't." Out they got, to Violet's horror, who, with her baby in her arms, was watching the arrival from the nursery windows. To deposit him in his nurse's arms, and hurry down, was the work of a minute; Julia, she knew, was alone in the drawing-room. Mrs. Bennett was one of the most arrant gossips of the neighbourhood; but, oh! blessed thought, she never by any chance saw a newspaper. She did not visit the Trelawns, and had probably never heard the names of Julia Vere or Lord Snelgrove. With all the cordiality she could press into her service, Violet entered, and finding Julia doing her best to entertain them, simply introduced her as—

"My future sister-in-law, Miss Grey, who is paying us a visit to get acquainted *en avance* with her new relatives."

Both their hearts beat, but Violet preserved her composure admirably, when Mrs. Bennett turned with a broad stare of curiosity to Julia, and hoped Captain Conyers was well.

"Why, Mrs. Conyers," addressing Violet, "why, you never told us of your brother's engagement. When did it take place?"

"Neck or nothing," thought Violet, seeing how pale Julia turned, and she hastened to answer—

"Didn't I? Oh! we were very full of it ourselves; but perhaps we haven't seen you since they got it all up abroad. You know he's been quartered at Corfu for some time, and it was a very speedy affair; wasn't it, Julia? But, Mrs. Bennett, I was so sorry to hear of Louli's bad fall. I hope she has quite got over it."

"Oh! you must ask Mr. Bennett, he's our doctor. John, what's the stuff you put on Louli's ancles, that did her so much good?"

Violet, who dreaded an erudite discourse on the virtues of medicine from the Rev. John Bennett, and who hated beyond all mortal men a dabbler in nursery and household matters, hurried again to change the conversation by plunging into a fresh inquiry for Johnny's cough.

"Oh! it's better, thank you," quoth Mrs. Bennett. "The doctor says he's suffering from re-re-reflection, I think he calls it; doesn't he, dear?"

"No, my love; *repletion* was Smith's term; but he's mistaken. Space—empty space, Mrs. Conyers, evidently requires filling. You will find that with your littlefolks as they get on. What's the matter, Willy, my man? want your tea? I daresay, Mrs. Conyers would give you a biscuit. Won't you, Mrs. Conyers?"

Violet eagerly seized upon the excuse to ring the bell, and send the whole troop up into the nursery, to share her nurse's tea, whereby she drove that unfortunate female into a distracted state.

"So Miss Stanley is going to be married again, and to the same gentleman who broke it off before," said Mrs. Bennett.

Julia started; and "Impossible!" broke from Violet.

"Ah! that's just what I said when I heard it. Strange what girls will put up with now-a-days. But she would do anything, that Miss Stanley, to be married, I do believe. John always thought her a very free girl."

"Indeed, Mrs. Bennett, you are much mistaken in Adelaide Stanley," said Violet, warmly. "She is as simple-minded and true-hearted as any girl that ever breathed, and only too full of kindness and benevolence—too ready to forgive. But how did it all happen? how did they meet again? and are you sure it is to the *same* gentleman?"

"Yes, quite sure. A Colonel Vere; a proud, disagreeable, conceited man." (Both Violet and Julia avoided looking at each other.) "He went in with his yacht to a little harbour in the Hebrides, near the place

where Miss Stanley was staying. They met by chance on the beach, and the whole affair came on again ; and he walked back to her friend's house with her, an engaged man once more. They say," continued Mrs. Bennett, "that Mr. Stanley is very angry, and says he won't marry her. At all events, he won't have any hand in making his daughter wretched, as she's sure to be ; and, for my part, I think he's quite right. If she's miserable, nobody will pity her. She's to be married from some friend's place, I believe."

"Do you know the name of the friend?" asked Violet.

"No. Something beginning with T. Tre—Trequhair—Tre-something. The same name as the young man we met at Mrs. Penthold's last week, who seems so soft upon Miss Heimweh."

"You don't—you can't mean Mrs. Trelawny," exclaimed Violet. "I thought they were far too angry with Colonel Vere to have anything more to do with it."

"Yes, Trelawny was the name ; wasn't it, John ? And now I think of it, they were talking of it at Mrs. Penthold's, and the young gentleman said his mamma didn't like it, but she was so fond of Miss Stanley, she couldn't refuse her anything ; and they're coming back from abroad, on purpose to stay in London till it's over. Really, Mrs. Conyers, Mrs. Penthold lets Miss Heimweh behave very queerly with that young man. There they were alone together, walking about the gravel walk all the evening."

"Oh ! they've known each other from childhood," said Violet. "Gilpin Trelawny was one of Mr. Penthold's pupils, and they were brought up together."

"Ah ! well, I'm sure I don't know ; it may be all right, but it isn't how *I* was educated ! And, by the bye, there's some terrible story about some relation of that Colonel Vere. She's run away from her husband, or something."

"Is there ?" said Violet, coolly. "By the bye, do you know anything good for whooping-cough ? I'm sometimes afraid my baby's getting it—he quite whooped last night."

"Good gracious ! John, John, do you hear, and our children in the nursery ! Run up, my dear John, do, and fetch them down. Oh ! never mind ringing, Miss Grey, thank you. Mr. Bennett'll go. Oh ! you prefer going yourself, Mrs. Conyers ? Then, John, pray get the carriage, and let's be off at once. Hope the dear baby will get through it. Make haste, John. Oh ! my blessings" (as the children appeared), "hope you didn't kiss Mrs. Conyers' baby ? You must chew camphor all the way home, my darlings."

"Nasty camphor," quoth Margaret-Jemima. "Me put it out my mouth. Me like *too-berries*, not camphor. Me give you *too-berries*, Willie ?"

"I shouldn't eat 'em if you did, *Miss*, cos it's a waste of money, and don't do nobody any good, like camphor, that keeps the 'fection off."

"Only listen to that dear, sensible child," said Mrs. Bennett, turning round, divided between her desire to show off Master William's sagacity and her anxiety to hurry off from all possible contact with probable whooping-cough. "Willie, dear, why wasn't Louli to clap her hands, because of the school treat? Tell Mrs. Conyers prettily, dear."

"Cos," said grave Willie, undismayed, "cos she didn't know, and Louli didn't, that she'd live till evening to see 'em come; we might die any minute, we might."

With which melancholy and indisputable piece of information Willie withdrew, and followed his retreating brethren into the phaeton.

"Oh! Violet," broke forth Julia, as soon as they were gone, "do you believe that about Rupert? There is some secret—some terrible secret—about him, and poor Adelaide's life would be miserable. It *must* be prevented. It's a secret about Rupert that prevents our bringing forward what we might bring forward in our case; but *he* knows Rupert's secret, and it's something disgraceful and dangerous; and he told me himself he would tell it all, out of revenge, if I told of him."

"But, my dear Julia," said Violet, "it seems to me, by concealing this fact from any motive whatever, you are doing wrong, and injuring Ned as well as yourself. You owe a duty to him to clear your character from a false slur—to tell the world he has a pure wife. You have no right to plead guilty when you are innocent. It seems to me as wicked, or perhaps even more wicked, to tell a falsehood one way as the other. How do you even know whether this tale of a secret about Colonel Vere is not merely conjured up, by one quite capable of doing so, to frighten you from bringing his own sins to light?—or it might be some case where Lord Snelgrove was much more to blame than Colonel Vere? Till you try you cannot tell. Bring it bravely forward; stand firm in your womanly truth and purity by Ned's side, and let the blame fall where the blame is due. Remember the brave old proverb, '*Fais ce qui doit, advient qui pourra.*' And really, Julia, even supposing, which I am loth to do, that Colonel Vere *had* committed some crime, I cannot but feel that his best and dearest friends would do more for his comfort by lifting the unsupportable load of hidden remorse and guilt from his mind, and entering in there, to comfort and heal him with the light of Divine mercy. You are increasing his weight of sin by allowing him to keep you, and Ned too, under a false imputation."

Long and earnestly did Violet plead with Julia, but one step only did she gain. Julia promised, at last, to write to Rupert, to mention this circumstance to him, and implore him, by his hopes of Heaven, to tell her if it was true or false; warning him, in the most impressive manner also, against marrying Adelaide Stanley, should it be true.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Look to the hill, is he climbing its side?

Look to the stream, is he crossing its tide?

Out on him false gallant, he cometh not yet,

Lady forget him, yea, scorn and forget."

PRAED.

COLONEL VERE received the letter from his sister as he was sitting with Adelaide a few days previous to that appointed for their marriage. Kind Mrs. Trelawny, always a friend in need, had come up to her house in Eaton Place for the occasion, though it was the dead-time of the year, and her one open house amongst the other closed ones made the place look like a Cyclops, with one eye set in the middle. They were going to be dropped in Kensington Gardens for a last lover-like stroll together, while Mrs. Trelawny and Rosey sped their way to hurry the cards, inspect the wedding cake, and look at the bride's dress, which waited their approval to be sent home. Rupert saw and knew his sister's handwriting, and put the note quietly into his pocket, for he had many reasons for not wishing to discuss Julia's affair with Adelaide.

"Shall I run away again from you, Adey?" he said, playfully holding her hand, and retaining her as she rose to get ready.

"If you wish to kill me, Rupert!" and Adelaide bent a look of fond, devoted, blushing love upon him. No suspicion, no lingering doubt remained in that good true heart to revenge his former treatment. All was forgiven, and to forgive was with Adelaide to *forget*. "And now, let me go, Rupert, we shall keep Mrs. Trelawny waiting. She left the room; her bonnet was soon on, the black *visite* adjusted, and Adelaide ran down greedy for every moment of Colonel Vere's society; but the drawing-room was deserted, and she was fain to content herself with turning over the pages of a book, expecting him every moment, and chafing because he was thus wasting the minutes of the precious *tête-à-tête* the Trelawnys would so soon put a stop to. The door opened—it was Rosey Trelawny.

"Are you ready, Adelaide; Mamma's in the carriage; but where's Colonel Vere? I thought you were both here, and I said I'd go and call you."

"He's gone for his hat, or perhaps to speak to Mr. Trelawny," said Adelaide.

"No—Papa's out, and there are no hats in the hall. Where is Colonel Vere, Trafford?" addressing herself to a servant who now entered.

"Colonel Vere has gone about a quarter of an hour ago, Ma'am; he left word he would send a note in the evening."

Adelaide turned very pale, but forced herself to smile and say that she supposed he had had some sudden summons, or perhaps had recollected

something that he must do. The drive was a dull one. Kensington Gardens had lost their zest for Adelaide, and she had no wish to linger under their shady trees, but went on with Mrs. Trelawny and Rosey on their tour of shopping. On her return there lay the promised note, but it was to Mrs. Trelawny, not to Adelaide; few and brief were the words, but simple enough the meaning—"Circumstances render it impossible for Colonel Vere to marry Miss Stanley, at all events at present." Poor, poor, Adelaide! this second blow nearly crushed her. Broken in heart, in health, and spirit, it was many days, many weeks, many months, before smiles learnt their way again to her face. Mr. Trelawny was furious, this time he would have vengeance; the insult had been offered to Miss Stanley under his roof, it remained for him to revenge it. A challenge was accordingly sent and delivered, and the next evening a loud ring at the hall door made the ladies turn pale, when, greatly to their relief, the door was thrown open, and a short, puffy, wheezy, little man, announced as Dr. Wadsworth entered—"I called, sir, on behalf of Colonel Vere," and continued he, going on rapidly before Mr. Trelawny could interrupt him, "I called from him to inform you, by his wish, he is not of sane mind, and here is my medical certificate to prevent his being called upon to go out with you."

"Then, sir, will you allow me to tell your patient, through your medium, that he is one of the greatest rascals in Her Majesty's service, and if he does not, of his own accord, put off his uniform coat to-morrow, I will have it torn from him with violence."

Dr. Wadsworth bowed and withdrew, evidently glad to be free of so pugilistically-disposed a gentleman. Colonel Vere sold out, hoisted all sail on board his yacht, and went forth over the wide world of waters none knew whither.

In the meanwhile, all Frank and Violet's entreaties proved ineffectual to induce Ned or Julia to plead the true state of the case. Rupert had never answered Julia's letter, a clear proof, they argued, of his guilt; also, the marriage was again broken off between him and Adelaide Stanley, and feeling, as Julia in her own heart did, so very sure of his deep attachment to Adelaide, she felt some "momentous question," alone, could place a barrier between them, and both she and Ned were firm in their determination to bear any imputation of guilt rather than throw a suspicion upon Colonel Vere. The day for the trial came and past, and the ruthless newspapers scattered far and wide their poisonous seeds. Every disgraceful and disagreeable particular that Lord Snelgrove could bring forward he did, especially a prayer for his forgiveness, written before she knew the crime that prevented her being bound to him, and left by her upon the toilette table, addressed to him. Now, all the world were in an uproar. How dared Violet and Frank say there were extenuating circumstances? There were none. Look in the newspapers; it was disgraceful, abominable, unclerical of Frank, unfeminine of Violet, and none were louder in their indignation than worthy Mrs. Bennett, whose *mal-*

apropos visit had been a source of such extreme disquietude both to Violet and Julia. The good lady was furious! So improper of Mrs. Conyers to have such a creature under her roof! So brazen-faced her appearing there quite unconcerned before them; and so atrocious of Mrs. Conyers to dare to introduce her as her brother's intended wife; to make up such a batch of falsehoods. Poor Violet! she had no redress, she couldn't say her tale was truth itself. Julia would soon be Ned's wife, and nothing else. If ever a man and woman would be bound together, really and truly, in lawful wedlock, they would. She felt stung, with her sensitive delicacy of spirit, at being supposed to think lightly of the very crime at which she most shuddered, and of which she felt the keenest disgust and horror. *She*, with her over fastidiously refined and elevated ideas of what ought to be woman's truth and woman's purity! *She* to be supposed to think lightly of the marriage vow! She whose pride, whose dignity of womanhood, was so deeply-rooted—who shuddered at the very thought of sacred matrimony being approached with any feelings but the consecrating one of deep, true, and pure affection. She, who would rather have lost Frank for ever than that he should think lightly of her for one moment! It was galling, wounding in the tenderest point to Violet; and when she heard Frank's character as a minister of the gospel of purity reviled, what marvel that some sparks of indignation were kindled in her mind against Ned and Julia for causing them to suffer thus causelessly; if she felt that something was due to *their* feelings as well as to Colonel Vere's, and that they owed some consideration to Frank's position, to Violet's maternal and matronly dignity. To think was with Violet to act, and warmly indignant were the few remonstrating lines that she penned to Julia and Ned, wondering with hot impetuosity how *any* motive could weigh in the balance with Julia against clearing her fair fame; her very attachment to Ned made Violet more angry with Julia. She thought it hard that for the sake of her brother, a man with whose character Violet had little sympathy,—a man of the world in the truest sense of the word—a lounge in the Row in the morning, at the Club in the afternoon—a man whose whole life was spent, in the early part of the year, doing and saying nothing in town, and, in the latter part, doing and saying nothing in the country. She thought it hard that for such a man, good, true, honest-hearted Ned Conyers, his mother's darling, his father's pride, and his brother's pet, should stand forth before the world branded with the foulest mark that can rest upon a manly brow—the despoiler of the domestic hearth, the violator of sacred rights, the parter and divider between they twain who, in the sight of Heaven were joined *for ever* in unity! Warmly did these feelings gush to the tip of Violet's pen as she wrote to Julia, terming her conduct *selfish*—selfish towards Ned, selfish towards them. Even Frank—kind, affectionate, quiet Frank—wrote in remonstrance, told his brother he felt he was wrong in the course he had pursued, that his trial had taken the words of explanation and exculpation completely out of his and Violet's mouths,

and that they felt keenly being left, as it were, in the eyes of the world, with a falsehood in their hands. Poor Ned! these letters were another drop of gall in the bitter cup from which he had already begun to sip, but he drank it bravely, patiently, and persuaded Julia's impatient lip to sip calmly too; he never forgot, nor let us forget it, reader, that they had sinned, and sinned grievously. The mercy of Heaven had prevented their committing a great crime, but their intention had been guilty; in their impatient distrust of Providence, they had gone astray and done wickedly. Ned took all griefs and sorrows humbly, they were his appointed cross; and meekly he took up the cross, and tried to bear it. He had, he felt, a great blessing in Julia, for all the ardent feelings of her nature were centred in him; his comfort, her one thought. She, the once admired beauty of the season—the haughty Miss Vere—the supercilious Lady Snelgrove, lived but for Ned Conyers' domestic happiness. The prospect before them dismayed her not. Ned had, of course, sold out of the army, and as Julia had no fortune, and Ned's was not a large one, they resolved to sail for Australia, and embark their all as settlers there. A hard life lay before them—a life of toil, of loneliness—a life destitute of the thousand luxuries which custom teaches us to consider necessary to our very existence—a life of solitary and remote separation from all they loved and prized, but they were undismayed. What was the world to them, they were weary of it; it turned from them with loathing, and they shrunk from its glance—luxuries, Julia was tired of them, she longed for an active, even a laborious life, to quench the fire that burned within, when she looked back on the past. She had been willing to sell her soul for Ned, and it was Ned alone, the sole possession of Ned that she greedily craved in the future. Alone in the wilderness with him she would toil by his side, happy in the conviction that the miles lying waste and drearily spread around them, contained no object but one that had claims upon his interest or attention. She loved with a fierce love, with a jealous love, with a love that had out-leaped all the barriers of social life, and had grown hardy and strong in its headlong course. She was jealous of his kindred; she would have been jealous of his very mother had she lived, but she lay calm and at peace in her tranquil grave, while those to whom she had given birth yet ploughed the waves of this troublesome world, and strove with a rent and tattered sail to make way against the blasts of fate.

But before they sailed there was another sad and solemn ceremony to be gone through for the satisfying of society, and for the redeeming of the solemn pledge given before Frank and Violet in that still evening hour at Trentville Rectory; both Heaven and man required that the voice of the law should first pronounce that other suppositious marriage null and void, and *then* that the voice of the Church should publicly unite them. They were in London, that great city where one may laugh and another weep; where one may mourn with frantic sorrow, and another shout with unrestrained mirth, and one small boarded partition part them alone, and

they know nought of each other's joys and sorrows. They were in London, and quietly and plainly dressed they left their lodgings and walked towards the parish church, dull, cold and quiet in its week-day stillness. One of Ned's former friends, an honest, good-tempered, but far from brilliant young man, met them there, glad to be useful to poor Conyers in the terrible scrape he had got into, and give his wife away to him. And now they stand before the altar, to be made verily one in the face of Heaven: but first the clergyman asks for the licence; it is given, and the words "divorced woman" meet his eye on the document. He is a young man, and bends a curious, rapid glance, first upon Ned, then upon Julia—takes in, as it were, in a flash, her proud, stately beauty, and the depth of passion in her dark eyes. The gaze of the young minister brought the blood in a flush of tingling pain to Julia's face—with arms crossed on her bosom in an abandonment of shame, she drooped lower and lower before him, standing in her deep and pitiful humility, as she, the lost sheep of the house of Israel, had once stood before his Master. The young curate had a feeling heart, and he felt for her. Rapidly he commenced the service, and rapidly he concluded it; and they were retiring after signing their names in the vestry, when the old clerk, plucking Ned by the sleeve, said, in a voice perfectly audible to Julia, "Axes your pardon, sir, but how be's I to put this here young woman down; she beint a wife, and she beint a miss?" Hastily muttering, "Ask the clergyman," Ned passed on, and they were soon lost to all personal remark in the whirl of passengers in the London streets.

The day came for them to sail—to leave their mother country, it might be for ever, for the land of their adoption. The real, true, warm love between Frank and Violet and Ned was too deep, wide, and strong for any clouds of displeasure to rest long between them. Frank and Violet had had their say, had relieved their minds of their annoyance and mortification; and now what was done could not be undone; it was a great relief to know and believe the truth of their statement; to feel convinced in their own minds that Julia had been cruelly, foully wronged by Lord Snelgrove, and that she was really and truly Ned's rightful wife. With these feelings they hastened down to bid "farewell to the outward bound." Who that has ever been on board a Southampton overland steamer will forget the scene there witnessed? Sorrow, anguish, the unutterable agony of partings meet you at every turn. Here, a mother convulsed with grief strains some boyish stripling to her breast, feeling that if indeed they do meet again—if her darling is preserved from the fangs of the beast of prey, from the lance of the savage, from the angry ray of the scorching sun of a tropical clime—if life deals gently with her and she lingers on this side of Jordan to welcome him home, it will be an almost stranger form that will receive her maternal greeting; the soft, fair, Jacob-like cheeks will have become the cheeks of Esau; many a wrinkle of worldly care will be gathered around the now smiling eyes, and many a stain of sin from the world and he, the enemy of

souls, may be staining the boyish heart. Her boy is leaving her *for ever*! It will be a man of the world who will return to her arms; a man of hookahs; a man of curses; a man loud in his abuse of native servants; a man with a liver; a man with complaints of the Company. The boy who loved football, who panted for adventure, who coaxed her for money, who shed tears at the thought of parting—that boy is passing away for ever from the eye of sense and the mental vision. Yes! weep, poor mother, well you may! But you make our heart ache. And here a young wife clings as she would cling for ever to the idol of her heart, to the object of her existence: her arms are thrown tightly, oh! how tightly, round him in that one last agonizing embrace. Oh! how can she unloose him and let him go, perhaps for ever, *now* her head is on his bosom; she touches, she clings to him; the dear eyes are looking, the precious cheeks are touching hers. Soon, soon, alas! a wide space shall part them, her eyes shall thirst in vain to look into his, her ear shall vainly yearn for the familiar accents of affection, she shall sicken like Hagar in the desert for the waters of comfort. Can she unlace her arms from around him and let him go without her, wifeless and solitary to his distant home. No! she cannot. Where he goeth she will go, and there will she be buried. But a faint wail rises from the shore: little arms are stretched out, and little voices lisp “mamma,” and say “the baby is crying,” and she is a nursing mother, and how can she either take or leave these frail pledges of their devoted love! With a mighty effort she frees herself from that strong grasp, passionate kisses she rains upon his cheeks, and then goes forth speechless, in her deep grief, in her blinding passion of tears, in her agony, to her little ones, to gaze till that dear face becomes a speck, till the vessel itself with its waving handkerchiefs, with its excited multitude, becomes dim upon the waves. Here a young mother bids farewell to her darlings: who will henceforth labour for their pleasure, for their amusement, for their instruction? who will watch over them and cherish them as she would have done? how many childish tears will stain their cheeks, waiting for her hand to wipe them off? who will whisper her name in their ears, and strive to recal her image to their childish memories? Oh! that these years of bitter, sorrowful parting were ended. Oh! that the hideous demon of war did not bid her leave her babes in the care of a stranger and seek the side of a soldier-husband. Here a father and mother part with the light of their hearth in all her glad, girlish beauty, and send her forth over the ocean to rejoice the constant heart of whom her soul is part? what matter that their home shall be lonely, the glad laugh will ring no longer through their dwelling; no soft ballad lull the father to repose; no blithe companion cheer the mother’s solitude? She is their only one, and again and again shall the mother’s hand yearn to smoothe the golden ringlets that have been her pride since curls first grew on the childish head; but their word is given, their darling’s heart shall not be broken by a hopeless separation, her

youth shall not be unwasted by years of longing; what matter if they sorrow so long as *she* rejoices; and yet in this moment of parting, Nature asserts her sway, and both child and parents weep bitterly.

Reader, I hope I have convinced you there are few sadder sights than the deck of an outward-bound packet. Among all these partings, these mourners, stand Ned and Julia, Violet and Frank. Hands are clasped in hands; all coldness, all contention is forgotten. Nothing is remembered on one side but the generous affection that clave through good report and ill report; on the other, gentle memories of childish hours are busy with Ned's image, and tears dim honest Frank's eyes as he gazes on his mother's little Benjamin. All restraint between Julia and Violet is over; sisters in very deed they cling to each other, tender words are spoken, fond promises are made, and heart is laid bare to heart 'neath the power of the moment of parting. But hark! the bell, the despatches are on board; take a warm, tender farewell, Frank and Violet, and wend your way back to the shore again; part fondly, tenderly, with those with whom perchance ye may never meet again, for whom there lies in the future many a sharp and bitter trial, many a grief and sorrow.

They have parted—the huge giant of the ocean, full to gorging with his human prey, plies his mighty limbs, he heaves on his side, his claws tear the sea into strips of foam, and slowly, faster, faster still he passes from the shore!

(To be continued.)

HOME.

BY LEILA.

"There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief."

BERNARD BARTON.

HOME! what a magic spell is in that word; a charmed voice, which speaketh to our hearts of joys too great for the cold worldling to realize. Home in its highest and purest derivation is not where we live, but is made only by affection. Love is the great architect of home, but not the only one, for the true secret of the happiness and peacefulness of home is not alone in the depth of love which exists; no! for that would oftentimes be destroyed by the egotistical ideas of a world so conventional as this; but the spring and fountain from which its happiness is drawn, is that of religion: God in all our thoughts, and ways, for, to His faithful followers doth He vouchsafe that greatest of all blessings—a happy home.

There are thousands of homes, such they are named by the world; but how very few are real ones, how few the number of happy ones, where love and peace reign the paramounds, where the blasting breath of anger hath never been heard; where only the dark shadow of sorrow has clouded its brightness, but which has been sanctified by the peaceful love living therein. For a time too, perchance, its happiness has been marred by an earthly parting; but, then Hope—the ever Faithful, bids them look to their loved one's return in the future, and thus the grief of a farewell is mitigated.

Home! Joyous word, around which lingers a hundred feelings. A gleesome sound to the young. A golden sunbeam to the middle-aged. A hallowed name to the old; with their dimmed eyes, they look back through the anfractuons past, at that green oasis, which the dust of time hath never tarnished—their childhood's home. There it stands shining through the shadowy past, with its argent light, surrounded with a thousand associations. They trace back their different stages in life, their own individual life, so marvellous and wonderful, with its manifold events, one and all making links in the human chain, which we all must weave from our birth until our death, how many incidents do they find were influenced, by lessons taught in that blithe home.

Oh! ever are we thinking of the sweet pleasures of home; but, is there not another and a better one, "not made by hands, eternal in the heavens." Yes, there let our thoughts be ever turning, for every day

every hour we are hastening on. Let us not think of the monarch death, that stands between us and that home, but let us think of The Home. Some go hence in their early spring time; and some when winter has whitened their hair, and wrinkled their brow. They go rejoicing, not sorrowing, quietly, like the setting of the glorious sun, in peace with God and man. Yea, already is the shining light that never more shall depart hallowing the aged head; the golden gates of Paradise are opening, and the faithful aged go in, and rest, in that Home to which they have been journeying from childhood and reached in old age—Heaven. Let this Home be the cresset upon which our thoughts are fixed, and let our life here be a continual preparation for it.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

O MYTHIC brother, from that lunar sphere

Dwelling quiescent in thy home afar,—

Dost thou take note of what is doing here

On this our planet, thy companion-star?

In thy rotations round this mundane globe,

Art thou for ever watching its concerns,—

And like terrestrial gossips, dost thou probe

Each mystery which thy curious eye discerns?

Dost thou, like them, oh watcher of the skies,

Look well to every business but thine own?

And do thy vigilant, unsleeping eyes

Glimpse into matters they might leave alone?

What strange, odd things, no doubt, thou could'st unfold

Which daily pass below in thy review,—

Yet who, those revelations to behold,

Would choose one hour to change their place with you?

If thou surveyest all the outs and ins,

The nooks and corners of this earthly ball,—

Its fooleries, its sorrows, and its sins,—

Who would not make thee welcome to them all

Gaze on, thou man of moonshine!—we, on earth

Will mind in quietness our own affairs,—

And let thy prying kindred take their mirth

As best they can, while thus neglecting theirs.

THISTLE-DOWNS.

The Lady's Literary Circular:

A REVIEW OF BOOKS CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY WOMEN:

A HAND-BOOK TO THE TOPOGRAPHY AND FAMILY HISTORY OF ENGLAND AND WALES. BY JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. (Piccadilly.) Price 5s.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Hotten's Catalogue from its completeness and dimensions, no less than from its many interesting notes on books and scarce tracts, is lifted out of the ordinary track of book-catalogues and deserves the honours of literary criticism and a place on the library shelf, yet we should not have made special mention of it in this place, were it not for its notice of Female Printers, in the following passage which we transfer to these pages, printed by women, from page 197 of Mr. Hotten's Catalogue:—

4152 MADELEY *Printing Press* in 1792. Beddoes (Dr., of Clifton) Alexander's Expedition down the Hydaspes and the Indus to the Indian Ocean, a Poem, with copious Notes, 4to, a handsome vol., VERY CURIOUS WOODCUTS, *new calf gilt*, EXCEEDINGLY RARE, 35s.

MADELEY, *privately printed*, 1792.

FEMALE PRINTERS.—Dr. Beddoes, of Clifton, printed, in 1792, but never published, a poem on Alexander's Expedition to the Indian Ocean, with elaborate notes. His biographer, Dr. Stock, gives an analysis of the poem, with extracts, and a report on the dissertations appended to it, adding: "One circumstance more relating to this work should be recorded, because it suggests a benevolent hint, too valuable to be lost. It was printed in a remote village, and the *compositor* was a young woman. 'I know not,' says Dr. Beddoes, 'if women be commonly engaged in printing, but their nimble and delicate fingers seem extremely well adapted to the office of compositors; and it will be readily granted that employment for females is among the greatest desiderata of society.'"—STOCK'S *Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Beddoes, M.D.*, 1811, p. 68.

For an interesting account of this book, see *Bibliotheca Parriana*. It was printed at MADELEY, in SHROPSHIRE, at the expense of Mr. W. Reynolds. *The types were set by a woman*, the engravings on wood were done by "the CLERK OF THE PARISH.

If Dr. Beddoes had lived to this Victorian era, how pleased he would have been to have visited our Caledonian Press!

HINTS ON SELF-HELP ; a Book for Young Women. By JESSIE
BOUCHERETT. (S. W. Partridge.)

A SPECIMEN panel in gold and colours for house decoration, designed and executed by a young lady from the Female School of Art, forms the appropriate frontispiece of some 150 pages which tell women what paths are open to them whereby to earn a daily independence and save a store for rainy days.

Only two or three months back we noticed a work by an American lady, Miss Penny, which treated of the same subject and, from its copiousness, formed a complete manual of woman's work. The present exceedingly well written little volume is of a class by itself. The information afforded for one shilling, its price, is of real value, and will direct many who seek and need direction of their energies ; but it is the tone and advice in the book which constitute its first great recommendation. There is hopefulness and encouragement in its pages ; a self-respect and self-reliance inculcated, and a reasonableness in its several arguments that can hardly fail to do real service to those for whom it has been especially written. An earnestness the very reverse of flippancy, a plain elegance far removed from roughness and obscurity, characterize the style, which is the most agreeable we have met in any similar work by a woman. The dedication is to the "Society for the Employment of Women," London, and as an aid to which the volume may be now considered.

We may observe the authoress admits in foot-notes, which occur at nearly every page, her obligations to "Self Help," by Mr. Smiles. Indeed the last named work furnishes most of the pleasant reading anecdotes and proverbial wisdom in Miss Boucherett's Hints. At the same time the connecting matter, and the application of advice to women, has been so very well done that instead of the *cuttings* reading like dislocated abstracts, they dovetail with the authoress's style, and fit her own observations with the same nicety as in the volume from which they are taken.

The number of passages we had marked for quotation is more than we shall find space for, and the size of the book so well adapts it, as do its many instructive sentences, for a hand-book and the pocket, that we feel less scruple in omitting paragraphs which really occur every other page. In the chapter referring to shirt-making, sewing, etc., the list of prices quoted, and the evidence given by several poor women whose bitter misfortunes compelled them thus to work for their living, elicits from Miss Boucherett a reflection in which we heartily concur.

"That women do so die (of want) instead of earning their living by wickedness is very wonderful, and so much to their credit : that *with the doors of a comfortable prison open to them if they steal, they should not steal, speaks, highly for their good qualities ; they are as truly martyrs as those who perish for their religion by the hand of the executioner.*"

Passing over the various employments (and they are yearly becoming

more in number) in which woman "has leave to work," for a list of which the reader must consult "Hints on Self-Help," we single out the one commendable project of forming *cooking schools*, wherein women are initiated in the mysteries of the culinary art, and with a diploma from the Professors, thus become eligible to perform the duties of cook in establishments of the simplest to the highest character. By this means, there is promise of improvement in our kitchens! and domestic servants, since the ruling lady below stairs will not have had to graduate from the lowest offices upwards to "full cook," but will enter her domain very frequently direct from her own respectable home and find a second and comfortable one in a gentleman's family.

We intended to close this brief review with the following:—

"The first prize in Life is a happy marriage, the second a life of independence, the third and worse fate an uncongenial marriage. *The pursuit of the second prize in no way prevents the winning of the first*, for the second best, can at any time be exchanged for the best whenever opportunity occurs; but the possession of the second best fate almost *secures against having to endure the third and worst.*"

But we cannot forbear adding this definition of *self-respect*: "It consists in believing that God has given one a noble nature, and in a determination to do nothing unworthy of that nature."

REPORT OF THE DUBLIN WALDENSIAN AID SOCIETY. (Porteous & Gibbs.)

THE objects of charity but seldom attract literary and political curiosity, and therefore do not call for especial remark. The above report is an exception and so may well be brought under review. Towards Piedmont the eyes of Statesmen were directed for the last dozen years, before the accident of a French alliance and political "idea," contributed to the overthrow of one considerable and several petty dynasties, because the Turin Cabinet was the only healthy nucleus of Italian hope and liberty. And the results of the last few years prove the wisdom of regarding any vital political party, *however small*, with the interest that all really earnest endeavour must command.

In another respect Piedmont is the nucleus, small at present, yet vital with the expansive life and warmth of religious toleration, that life-blood of true catholicity which one day shall acknowledge a brother's heart beating in every man's bosom, a brother's soul guarded by every true man's conscience. In token of this toleration the various acts of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, have given satisfactory evidence, the most encouraging of which is the establishing, and permitting to be established, in various parts of the kingdom, that class of schools, which in England and other countries have been found fruitful in educating the youth of the present generation, by widening their faculties and enlightening

those minds which, left undirected, must have been driven into the narrow paths of religious bigotry and ignorance.

So much for the permissive Italian Government: And now there remains a word for commendation of a society, formed in another country, whose object is to benefit the Italians. The Tenth Report of the "Waldensian Aid Society," informs us of the successful efforts made to support teachers and establish schools in all the principal Italian cities; at Florence, Turin, Milan, Genoa, Naples, Ancona, Elba, under circumstances, that promise to make in time, the extent and success of these efforts, as wide and complete, as the friends of Italian Progress can desire. The income of the society, amounting to but little more than £400 has been divided in grants to the schools and in aid of the pastors and agents of the society, and, as we are happy to remark, at a cost which barely exceeds ten pounds for the year's expenses, in meetings, postage, printing, etc. Taken in connection with the countenance of the Italian Cabinet, the existence and success of the "Waldensian Aid Society" must be regarded as a beam of spiritual light which we may hope to see radiating a land where physical light and warmth make the climate a symbol of what the people may become, under the blessed influence which emanates from the Divine Founder of Christianity.

HAUNTS OF THE WILD FLOWERS. By ANNE PRATT. (Routledge, Warne, & Co.)

"PLEASANT it is when woods are green, and winds are soft and low; to wander" where the wild-flowers haunt the shady places, the sunny banks, or the stealing rivulets which are to be found in the garden of England. And the delight of such wanderings is all the more enhanced by the pleasant companionship of a friend whose eyes find for us the coy beauties that must be wooed and, not unsought, be won, as they hide in their secret recesses. Now in this useful volume, adorned with a charming frontispiece, illustrated with several well executed woodcuts, these half concealed beauties start up all around; flowers spring up at every step, and like a miser discovering the common dust upon which he is treading to be precious atoms of real value, the ardent lover of nature finds, in the country, a wealth about him which he may possess and enjoy, wherever he walks. As knowledge comes pleasantly to the out-of-doors botanist, so does it come to the reader of Miss Pratt's pleasant pages. Her work contains but some 250 pages, yet, so bountiful is prodigal nature, that in her summer rambles the authoress finds 500 little claimants on Mother Nature's kindness, and as they look with pleading eyes to her great love, they grow and prosper and are clothed with a wild beauty that graces their freedom, and compensates for the absence of the proud charms which adorn the cultivated parterre.

Timely, for it is the pleasant summer time, this volume makes its modest appearance. It has real worth, and is free from sentimentality, whilst the reality of the writer's love for her subject, and nice discrimination of what is poetry in her quotations, are apparent in every chapter. Unlike in form, as it is unlike in the reading, to wearisome and scientific botanical books, "Haunts of the Wild Flowers" may be accepted as an agreeable guide, not pedantic and yet learned, to all the pleasant places, which invite us to a country ramble, and we may add that the intentions of the authoress to write an agreeable book on an agreeable subject have been fulfilled. Of how few works can the same be said!

CASSELL'S BIBLE DICTIONARY. (London, Cassell, Petter, & Galpin).

THREE sixpenny parts of this work have been issued, and an examination of the type, form, illustration, and articles contributed by the several eminent authors and divines whose learning will give the work a standard value, enables us to speak with confidence of this publication. It is launched by an enterprising firm in a full reliance that the British people will know how to appreciate the good things provided for an intellectual appetite, which, although sometimes denied to exist, is nevertheless a strong hunger among the classes, which for their number are called the Mass, a term which is often given in contempt, but which really dignifies, with the grandeur of its signification, those to whom it is applied.

*Singularly enough whilst the argument is still pending—and whilst writers for several years past have been asking if the English people are a musical nation — popular concerts of classical music have been and are enriching Professors from all parts of Europe. And again, whilst discussion is still sounding throughout the land on the question, whether the people prefer pure and high class literature to that which is indifferent although exciting, yet meanwhile those publishers, to be named with due honour, who have expressed their confidence in the masses, have gone on heedless of the argument, bringing out works in all departments of science, history, and fiction, well satisfied with a financial result which they know is the best proof of a support so wide and inclusive that it must embrace all classes of society. The conclusion is a gratifying one, and the more so as each well-timed enterprise has earned, it would seem, successively its reward.

If, with more than ordinary certainty, we are asked to indicate really successful works, we must almost invariably name books of which the intrinsic merits deserved universal recognition. The "Popular Educator," a penny publication which run to six volumes, and contained a sort of curriculum in various languages, the arts, sciences, and literature, certainly was a success. The issue of a Penny Bible, weekly, illustrated and printed in a style which may be inferred from its total cost of £100,000, was, we

are happy to add, also a great success, and if its merits were acknowledged by 300,000 serial subscribers, the number of copies sold in its completed form, is hardly likely to be less. These and other successes have induced the publishers to bring out, with all the resources of their large printing establishment, a BIBLE DICTIONARY which, as an illustrated commentary on the Book of Books, can be universally accepted without cavil. Hitherto, such a book no one has expected to find except in the libraries of the learned and wealthy classes. For them, the work had been done, and done well, by an able editor and a staff of men whose names stand for signs to mark the farthest progress made in various paths of recondite learning. Nor was the book relatively dear. Simply, it was well worth the price at which it was sold by the eminent publisher whose name it bears, but it was not the people's Bible Dictionary. Indeed, the people were not thought to want such a Dictionary, but Messrs. Cassells & Co., who have studied the people's wants, and ought to know, now say otherwise and have accordingly undertaken to supply a book which whilst, it promises to rival its forerunner in standard value of matter and illustration, is brought out monthly, in sixpenny parts, a price that will carry the arrow home where it is aimed,—the houses of the people, and the hands of the workers who make up the Mass in England. In future numbers we shall refer to the authors, their text and illustrations, contenting ourselves for the present with introducing and recommending "Cassells' Bible Dictionary."

Our Orchestra Stall.

MAY 13.

"*The Wooden Spoon-maker*," an ingenious yet elaborate trifle by Messrs. Brough and Halliday, produced at the ADELPHI THEATRE. The incidents are few, and rise out of the situation of a lonely old man being noticed by a kind-hearted girl, who bestows on him daughterly service, and wins his affection, as she was bound to do, since the drama ends in making her really the old spoon-maker's daughter.

MAY 16.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

"*Finesse; or, Spy and Counter-spy*," by the Countess Gifford, produced. The plot is laid at Messina, in the year 1811. The second part of the title relates to the employment of a counter-spy on the real spy, which the political position of the time required, and the substitute succeeds in obtaining despatches intended for "the other party's" agent. Some comedy is got out of the situation of a sailor, belonging to a British ship in the harbour, getting into the room of an amateur scientific man, who supposes *Jack* to be the man whose animation had been suspended by hanging, and whom the experimentalist hoped to restore to life. Now the amateur, *Baron Pretenhorsen*, had been imposed upon, and the tenant of the mummy-case or coffin had been the bearer of despatches out of Messina, and who, at a proper opportunity, escaped his confinement, and by help of a rope-ladder descended from the Baron's chamber. Up this ladder the British tar (Mr. Buckstone) had mounted in a frolic; but when the amateur scientific nobleman wishes to experiment on the half-drunken sailor asleep on a sofa, the scene becomes laughable. An exile, *Dr. Bertrand*, the Baron, and his wife, jealous of his scientific pursuits; a captain of an English ship-of-war, in love with the niece of the Baroness; with an eccentric servant, *Bobbin*, form the chief characters, in whom no very great interest is felt, yet the play has achieved, by its originality and the occasional touches of comedy, a moderate success, which might have been greater had not expectation of a new piece by Sheridan's grand-daughter raised hopes which have not been quite fulfilled in "*Finesse*." Mr. and Mrs. Wigan imparted importance to characters which were not in themselves very attractive.

MAY 21.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

A Drama, "*Angel or Devil*," by Mr. Stirling Coyne, brought out. It displays an ingenuity, and knowledge of stage effect and situations, which give the piece a superiority over ordinary dramas. Much of this cleverness is due to the writer, but the plot is the contrivance of French authors, and to them the greatest share of praise is justly due. A French Royalist, *De Vaudemont*, condemned by the Jacobins, hides in his own house, which is searched. His wife, to screen him the more effectually, asserts she is a Republican, and wishes to sue for a divorce; and being taken at her word, she has to make legal application to the authorities, and *Citizen Duchatel* asks her to marry him. Certainly this situation is, dramatically speaking, a very good one, and the true wife has to play a difficult part. In time, *Duchatel* discovers the husband's concealment, but the Royalist is warned, and changes his place of hiding, thus escaping the search which is undertaken. When he has a moment's freedom, he emerges from behind the unsuspected curtain, and finds his wife with the applica-

tion for divorce in her hand. Is she false and deceitful, and deserving the first name in the title? thinks the hunted Royalist. Her explanation satisfies the husband, who again thinks his wife an angel, just as the arch-Republican, *Citizen Duchatel*, returns, and discovers the "man that's wanted." A single combat for life or death then threatens next to distress the poor wife, when this and other troubles are averted by the fall of Robespierre, and the tolerance of Royalists and Democrats; and husband and angel find their happiness again when left to themselves. This brief sketch of the story sufficiently indicates the healthy tone and clever situations in "*Angel or Devil*."

"*Ill-treated Il Trovatore*," a Burlesque on the well-known opera, from the fanciful and prankish pen of Mr. Byron, brought out at the ADELPHI. The laughter-moving conceits and travesty of parts in the present instance are the more enjoyed as they do not jar with the original subject, as in the instances of "*Ivanhoe*" and "*Effie Deans*."

MAY 27.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"*The Ticket-of-Leave Man*" is the name of a new play by Mr. Tom Taylor, brought out this evening. The title is misleading, and the one weakness in a clever drama. On the stage we have always been accustomed to find undeserved suffering, but the present instance brings it about in an unusual manner. The hero, a young Provincial, finding himself in possession of his patrimony, comes to London to see life. His misfortune is a common one; he has too much confidence in the companions he becomes acquainted with, who pluck their pigeon, and getting the countryman to change a forged note, draw upon him the punishment of the law. Cast into prison, the hero's good conduct in a few years obtains for him a ticket-of-leave, and he returns to London life, an earnest and resolute man, finding his best friend in a poor girl whom in happier times he had assisted. He seeks and obtains employment in various occupations, but his old companions contrive, with persistent malignity, to make his possession of "a ticket-of-leave" known everywhere, so that the poor fellow is shunned, and hunted from place to place. Such aimless hatred at first seems forced and unnatural, but a little reflection tells us that evil companions always feel as a reproach the virtue and good conduct of one whom they have once influenced. The progress of the drama involves the hero in yet further troubles, from which he escapes only by stratagem. Appearing to be persuaded that for a "ticket-of-leave man" to attempt to do rightly was ridiculous, he agrees to commit a burglary with two of his worst enemies; but he only consents to this course to implicate the real thieves, who are caught in the act, and for ever prevented from pursuing the man whom they had injured. After this the fortunes of the "Ticket-of-leave Man" prosper, and he achieves the happiness which our sympathies award him as his due. Such a drama as this, with its several characters well filled by a talented company, forms a high-class evening's entertainment, and will command success.

MAY 27.—PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

"*Court and Camp*," a Romantic Drama, borrowed from the French, produced. The translation is by the manager, Mr. Vining, who fills the principal part cleverly enough, helping everybody, and turning up at all times when wanted, as the hero is in almost every scene. The piece, though exceedingly well brought out and put upon the stage, is not likely to keep possession of it long, so we may well omit the obscure plot, and remark that acting does all it can to make up picturesque though uninteresting characters.

JUNE 4.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new Farce, "*An Unlucky Mortal*," brought out. The characters are the half maudlin landlord of the "Red Lion," his daughter, and her lover. A few not very original predicaments furnish comic situations in the piece, which answers its purpose of making laughter for half an hour.

JUNE 4.—OLYMPIC.

"*A Lad from the Country*," by Mr. Morton, produced. The young countryman is placed in his master's house, of which he has to hold possession as the real owner. This he does in a way that really commits the "gentleman in pecuniary difficulties," and it is the escaping from which makes the fun of the farce.

JUNE 8.—PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

"*Cousin Tom*," a pleasant little string of Comedy scenes, brought out. *Lucy Lothbury* has a *Cousin Tom*, for whom she has a school-girl love-sentiment. *Tom* goes to India, forgets *Lucy*, and marries an intriguing French miss. But *Lucy* keeps *Tom* in remembrance, and will not listen to new lovers. However, a *Mr. Newington Cosway*, with papa's sanction, introduces himself as "*Cousin Tom*," who has returned home, much changed. *Lucy* believes the imposition, and, in a very amusing interview, recalls to the spurious "*cousin*" many little anecdotes of early life, in connection with which the lover says little to commit himself until *dates* are mentioned, when he speaks of an aunt who has been some time dead. Matters proceed favourably until the true "*Cousin Tom*" comes home; and if the real state of affairs is then made clear, the fact of marriage being an obstacle to sentiment, inclines *Lucy* to compassionate the deceiver, and accept him for his true passion. "*Cousin Tom*" is an agreeable acquaintance, whom playgoers are recommended to see.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

"*The Duke's Bequest*," a translation from the same French original as "*The Duke's Motto*," produced. The piece at the LYCEUM, having run a hundred nights, displayed an amount of popularity which other managers beside Mr. Fechter would gladly enjoy.

JUNE 11.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

"*Easy Shaving*" is the title of a second new Farce brought out this evening. It is written by Messrs Burnand and Williams. At Islington, in the "merrie days of old," when ladies performed the office now undertaken by "men and barbers," lived *Ninette*, a clever girl, who had many customers. She had also a Royalist lodger, *Ernest Lisle*, who was in grievous plight, having been jilted by his lady-love whilst his political party was under the misfortune of seeking refuge everywhere and anywhere. The gallant lodger makes an easy conquest of his landlady-barberess, who shaves and cuts his hair in a fit of jealousy, when opportunity comes for *Ernest Lisle* to see his former lady-love. The result may be expected; when the gallant leaves the hands of *Ninette* he is a ludicrous fright, and attracts general ridicule by the strange appearance of his head, and amongst the laughers is the lady whose good graces he still wished to have. Our cavalier, in disgust, agrees with George Withers,

"If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be;"

and as certain events attract his notice to "*Ninette*," what with love and gratitude, he marries her, as she meant him to do; additional mirth is created by *Ninette's* abandonment of a "lowly lover," who is shaved by her apprentice in a way that make up a scene that, if silly, is amusing and whimsical. This trifle suits well enough to divert away the same evening on which the Play of "*Finesse*" revives recollections of Sheridan's days and comedies.

Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

MAY 1ST.—FRIDAY.

Royal Institution.—Annual Meeting. The Duke of Northumberland re-elected President.

Crystal Palace.—Opening day of the season. Music Festival.

The New Review.—First number published of this political, philosophical, and literary journal.

Anthropological Society.—This society only recently formed, publishes the first number of its Journal.

The Children's Journal, price one penny, containing juvenile fairy and other stories in prose and verse, illustrated, published.

The Fine Arts Quarterly Review, to which we have before referred, not issued as advertised; the publication of first number being deferred until June.

Archæological Institute.—The "Black Book" of Caermarthen exhibited; also an oval medallion, finely executed in gilt bronze, of Oliver Cromwell.

MAY 2D.—SATURDAY.

Camden Society.—Annual Meeting; chairman, Marquis of Bristol. All wills in Doctors Commons ante 1700 may now be examined by literary inquirers through the efforts of this society.

Copyright in Engravings and Photographs.—Mr. Gambart having gained a verdict against a publisher for selling photographic copies of engravings, the defendant appealed to the Court of Common Pleas when four judges decided that Mr. Gambart should retain the verdict notwithstanding the point of law raised against it.

OBITUARY.—Colonel Sir W. L. Wraxall, Baronet, died at Passy, near Paris. He was a bachelor and the uncle of Captain Lascelles Wraxall, the translator of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, and other French books, and a writer in various magazines, including "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*." The literary Captain succeeds to the title.

MAY 3D.—SUNDAY.

MAY 4TH.—MONDAY.

Royal Academy Exhibition.—Opened to public.

Asiatic Society.—Paper read "On some Syriac-speaking Villages still found to exist in Anti-Lebanon."

Institute of British Architects.—Annual General Meeting. The President, Mr. Tite succeeded by Mr. T. L. Donaldson.

MAY 5TH.—TUESDAY.

Royal Horticultural Society.—Gardens opened: an exhibition of Sculpture adds this year to their attractions.

Institution of Civil Engineers.—Paper read on "American Iron Bridges."

Florence.—The new Façade of Santa Croce uncovered on Sunday, 3d instant. The undertaking thus completed was a national work, and Signor Mattas, the architect, who has had the rare good fortune to please everybody, was decorated by the King with the cross of the order of Savoy. The donations of Mr. Sloane, an Englishman living at Florence formed the most munificent item (nearly £9000) in the cost of the new Façade.

OBITUARY.—James Meadows died, aged sixty-four. The early part of his life was passed at sea and in India. In later years he obtained notice as a dramatic scene painter, and of sea subjects exhibiting at the Royal Academy. The son of an actress, he was a good amateur actor.

MAY 6TH.—WEDNESDAY.

San Carlo at Naples.—The management of this theatre does not fall, as announced, into Mr. Mapleson's hands, but has been given to M. Vonuiller.

Geological Society.—One of the most interesting papers read was that, On the Fossil Corals of the West Indies.

Natal.—Paper read at the Society of Arts on this valuable colony, which is said to possess the finest climate in the world—equaling the healthiest parts of Italy.

MAY 7TH.—THURSDAY.

Royal Society.—Paper read on Aniline, etc., by Dr. Letheby.

Society of Antiquaries.—After other papers, a series of letters was read from Sir Thomas Wotton, and also a letter from Henry VIII. to Mr. Secretary Knight, date 1527.

MAY 8TH.—FRIDAY.

Royal Institution.—Paper read on "The Productive Powers of the Soils of England."

Admiral Fitzroy has been elected a corresponding member of the French Institute. Surely the bonds of science are drawing all civilized nations into the brotherhood of mutual respect.

Astronomical Society.—The papers read embraced several subjects of which none were of paramount interest.

OBITUARY.—Richard Quiller Couch died at Penzance, in his 46th year. He was an eminent geologist and naturalist and wrote "The Cornish Fauna," besides contributing to the facts of science many of his researches through the papers and reports he compiled annually.

MAY 9TH.—SATURDAY.

Pugin Travelling Student.—The Memorial Committee have raised £1000 and will place the sum in the hands of the Institute of British Architects, as a fund for a travelling studentship.

Schiller.—A new statue of Schiller inaugurated at Munich: it is the gift of King Ludwig, and the work of the sculptor, Widmann.

MAY 10TH.—SUNDAY.

MAY 11TH.—MONDAY.

St. Petersburg.—The Rev. Dr. Cureton, Canon of Westminster, etc., has been elected Corresponding Member of the Russian Imperial Academy of Sciences.

Royal Geographical Society.—Despatches read on Landsborough's traverse of Australia, the discoveries, the perils, and traveller's details are of high interest. The thermometer sometimes rose to 166° in the shade!—Fine tracks of country reported.

MAY 12TH.—TUESDAY.

Professor Jowett.—The prosecution commenced by Dr. Pusey and others against this divine has been abandoned, less from charitable than prudential motives.

Zoological Society.—Paper read by Mr. Winwood Reade, "Notes on the Derbyan Eland, the African Elephant, and the Gorilla," founded on information acquired on his recent visit to Western Africa. Mr. Reade expressed his opinion that M. Paul Chaillu obtained his gorillas second hand, and that the ferocious habits of the animal as described in the book had never been witnessed by M. Chaillu or any other traveller. The exploits of this modern St. George and his Gorilla-Dragon are probably quite as true as those in the old legend.

MAY 13TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Royal Literary Fund.—Seventy-fourth anniversary dinner. Chairman, Earl Stanhope, who suggested the union of literary and scientific institutions into ONE GREAT INSTITUTE after the model of the French Academy.

Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park.—First Exhibition of Plants, Flowers, and Fruit.

British Archaeological Association.—General annual meeting. Mr. Monckton Milnes elected President.

MAY 14TH.—THURSDAY.

Society of Antiquaries.—Paper read by C. Goodwin, Esq., "On three Coptic Papyri and other MSS. brought from Egypt," by Mr. Stuart Glennie.

The Jawbone Controversy.—This apt subject for discussion still occupies the thoughts of French and English Savans. The opinions as to its being spurious or authentic were nearly balanced until the "Congress" at Paris repaired to Abbeville on the 12th inst. Here many of the several *inductive* facts which opposed the authenticity of the fossil were removed, as in the presence of the visitors, not a few flints were taken out of the gravel, and these also were wanting in the orthodox stains and marks. The Congress therefore were all but unanimous in their decision that the Jawbone had been *found* in good faith—and not fraudulently placed there by the workmen. Doubts, however, are now raised as to the gravel deposits being of the Diluvian age; these hitherto have been above (or below) suspicion. Truly much *has been* said, and may be said, on each side of the question!

MAY 15TH.—FRIDAY.

Herrings.—An important report from Col. Maxwell, Dr. Playfair, and Mr. Huxley decides that the prohibitory legislation bearing on our herring fishery should be repealed—the fishes might and should be caught as the fishermen liked. The herrings do not migrate, it is thought, but their disappearance is owing to remaining in deep water. At the spawning season they lie in tiers covering square miles of sea bottom. The report is a very exhaustive, as it is a very interesting one.

MAY 16TH.—SATURDAY.

Royal Horticultural Gardens.—First weekly promenade day; performance of band at four o'clock.

The White Nile.—The source of this river has been discovered by Messrs. Speke and Grant, and with this welcome intelligence arrives the news of Consul Petherick and wife, and Mr. Baker, being alive and well.

APRIL 17TH.—SUNDAY.

MAY 18TH.—MONDAY.

Asiatic Society.—The Prince of Wales elected a member.

Mon. Guizot.—Her Majesty has presented a copy of the "Speeches and Addresses of the Prince Consort," to this eminent Frenchman and ex-minister, and wrote on the fly-leaf her thanks for the homage expressed in M. Guizot's preface to the French Translation of the work.

MAY 19TH.—TUESDAY.

Ethnological Society.—Anniversary meeting.—Mr. J. Lubbock elected President.

MAY 20TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Geological Society.—Among other papers one was read of interest, "On the Upper Old Red Sandstone and the Upper Devonian Rocks." Professor Kingsley and other notable men, elected members.

Royal Colosseum, Regent's Park, for several years under the management of Dr. Bachoffner, is re-opened by a new lessee, who, whilst retaining many of the old characteristics of the place, intends giving Orchestral Concerts. The neighbourhood is good for good music.

MAY 21ST.—THURSDAY.

Gibraltar.—In excavations here, a cavern containing bones furnishes grounds for scientific examination and report.

MAY 22D.—FRIDAY.

Is the Legend true?—There is now exhibiting in Regent Street an old painting in oil, the property of M. Szerelmey (the inventor of a preparation to preserve stone used in the Houses of Parliament). This picture is announced to be the art-work of the Evangelist St. Luke, and the subject that of our *Saviour*. The tradition in connection with the work is one of great improbability, and does not justify its exhibition. Indeed, except under the indulgence of a *charitable* cause, the public would neglect the daub, and probably consider they had been deceived into the rooms under false pretences. The writer of this note had a conversation, some three years ago, on the subject with the proprietor, who seemed impressed with the authenticity of his picture on evidence that would not support a second person's opinion.

OBITUARY.—The Rev. W. Brown, died, in his 80th year. He was the author of the "History of Christian Missions," and of a memoir of his father, the author of the "Self-interpreting Bible."

MAY 23D.—SATURDAY.

Lady Dramatist.—"Finesse," a play by Lady Gifford, grand-daughter of Sheridan, brought out at the Haymarket Theatre—See "Our Orchestra Stall."

MAY 24TH.—SUNDAY.

MAY 25TH.—MONDAY.

M. Thalberg.—Musical Matinée, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

Mr. Lumley.—First benefit night at Drury Lane theatre. Several of the most eminent operatic vocalists in London do themselves honour in thus honouring and benefiting a gentleman always popular as the former manager of Her Majesty's Theatre. The journey of Piccolomini, now a countess, from Italy, for this special object may well be remembered by an English public with whom the sordid selfishness of foreign artists has become a proverb.

Royal Geographical Society.—Anniversary at Burlington House.

Linnean Society.—Annual meeting; G. Bentham, Esq., re-elected President.

MAY 26TH.—TUESDAY.

Freemason's Hall.—The competition of architects for this building has resulted in prizes £150 to Mr. T. H. E. Carpenter, £100 to Edward Barry, and £75 to Mr. S. W. Dawkes.

MAY 27TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—Evening meeting at the Mansion House.

Royal Horticultural Society.—Great Flower Show.

Black and White.—An Italian Operetta founded on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre.

British Archaeological Association.—The Rev. E. Kell gave a notice of the hoard of Roman coins found at Farringford, Isle of Wight, on the grounds of the Poet Laureate. There were 250 inclosed in an urn—the coins were brass, some of which appeared to have been silvered.

MAY 28TH.—THURSDAY.

International Exhibition Building.—The purchase of the ground and building is now seriously entertained and Parliament will be asked to sanction a vote, as the building would conveniently accommodate:—1. The Patent Museum; 2. The Museum of Naval Models; 3. The National Portrait Gallery; 4. British Pictures of the National Gallery; 5. The Architectural Museum; 6. The Natural History Department of the British Museum; 7. The Royal Academy Annual Exhibition.

MAY 29TH.—FRIDAY.

Rejected but not dismayed.—A collection of paintings not admitted to the Academy, are exhibited in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, the rooms of the Cosmopolitan Club. This club from its name may be supposed to be free from professional and other prejudices, so its rooms are appropriate to collections which prejudice, right or wrong, has not hung in Trafalgar Square. Many of the works are of merit, and the inference is the Council of the Royal Academy refused them for want of room.

MAY 30TH.—SATURDAY.

New Serial.—The "Reflector," first published; price one penny. Original and selected articles on the questions of the day.

Portraits of Men of Eminence.—First Number of this Biographical work issued, price half a crown, and containing each three *cartes des visite* taken from life with memoirs of the originals. The plan can hardly be expected to be popular. The portraits may be good, but how about the memoirs? Eminent men are not easily understood by ordinary writers.

MAY 31st.—SUNDAY.

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary Shakespearian Museum, to contain old editions of the Poet's works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Halliwell is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London, S.W."

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